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NOT very much in the current news from Paris can be considered encouraging, but one extremely satisfactory development of the utmost importance seems to be taking place. There is an increasingly close cooperation between the British and American governments. They appear to act together in relation to the great majority of the questions about which grave differences of opinion have arisen. If this development persists and the present tendency to cooperation is confirmed, liberal opinion in this country will have reason to feel profoundly relieved. British assistance is indispensable to President Wilson. Without it he will not only be powerless in Europe but he will have a much more difficult time in persuading his own country to support him. United the two nations can gradually overcome even the stiffest opposition of the Continental European Powers. Divided the two nations will be impotent to prevent the annexationist ambitions of their continental allies from corrupting the treaty of peace and impairing the vitality of any League of Nations which may be constituted as a result of the Peace Conference. The whole cause of international cooperation in the future hangs on their ability to do away with minor differences for the sake of their common interest in a demilitarized world, whose system of public law is reenforced by sea power —and whose principles derive from the utmost freedom of marine communication. Yet this common interest, powerful as it is, will not bring about an agreement unless it is supplemented by a willingness on both sides to sacrifice something for the sake of agreement and by a clear understanding of the interdependence of the two nations and the supplementary character of their vital interests. The disposition to accept the necessary sacrifices and to contrive an agreement exists, we believe, to a larger extent in Great Britain than in this country, and that fact imposes a heavy responsibility on all Americans to understand how far the whole cause of international cooperation depends upon cooperation between the English speaking peoples.

OPEN covenants, openly arrived at, won a partial victory through the determined efforts of the American and Allied press. We shall not need to sit in darkness only occasionally relieved by the dim flashes of such official communiqués as we are now receiving. But the victory was only partial. At the meetings to which the press representatives will have access, not much is likely to happen beyond the final acceptance of agreements arrived at by hidden processes in secret sessions. There is here a violation of the spirit of the first of the President's fourteen points, but it is difficult to see how it could have been otherwise. The diplomats will naturally follow the time honored custom of beginning with the most immoderate, outrageous demands, with the expectation that thereby they will be more likely to get the less they really want, or the still less they ought to have. Now, with the public opinion of the world in its present condition of super-excitability, would the diplomats care to expose their pre-

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liminary bargaining demands in the full light of day? Never; and the requirement of full publicity would drive the preliminary negotiations out of the conference and into the cabinets or salons. About all that we can reasonably expect is that every stage in the process of negotiation should be minutely recorded, with the understanding that when political stability has been restored the records will be made public. That would be something of a check upon exaggerated claims. The proposal would meet resistance, but not the desperate resistance that would be evoked by the proposal to feed out to the peoples day by day the evidence that diplomats are the same crafty and designing animals we have believed them and they have always been.

WHEN Marshal Foch told the American correspondents that France needed and would demand a Rhine frontier between herself and Germany, he was giving expression, not to a political object which came into existence as the result of recent German aggression, but the most persistent of the territorial ambitions of France. The declared purpose for which French armies fought both during the wars of Louis XIV and of the French Revolution was the so-called "natural boundaries" of France, viz., the Rhine, the Alps and the Pyrenees. If the French government does demand the incorporation of a Rhine frontier in the treaty of peace, it will be attempting to appropriate, as the result of American and British assistance, the military control of a slice of German territory which French armies at a time when France was the dominant military power on the Continent sought in vain to conquer. It is inconceivable that the attempt will succeed. It would be repeating the inexcusable mistake which Bismarck committed when he took Metz so as to obtain an advantage over France in the next war. It would be pursuing the suicidal policy of providing safeguards against an attack from Germany which would themselves constitute an inevitable provocation for the attack. The result would be the thorough-going and the permanent militarization of Europe. It may be impossible to prevent this consolidation of military rule in Europe, but if it is impossible, one result seems certain. The American army which President Wilson brings back with him from France will never be used to defend a Rhine frontier purchased by the future subordination of millions of Germans to French military law. France will have to choose between a strategic frontier which divides the Germans west of the Rhine from their fellow countrymen and American assistance in guaranteeing the future security of France and other European peoples.

TAKEN at its face value President Poincaré's address is extremely conciliatory toward the policies for which America stands in the Peace Conference. The French President alludes to the fourteen propositions "unanimously adopted by the great Allied Powers" and calls upon the peace congress to establish a general League of Nations "which will be the supreme guaranty against any fresh assault upon the rights of peoples." He subscribes to the view that "the time is no more when diplomatists could meet to redraw with authority the map of the empires on the corner of a table." "Justice," he says, "banishes the dream of conquest and imperialism, contempt for national will, the arbitrary exchange of provinces between states." The rights of peoples great or small are to be respected, as also the rights of ethnical and religious minorities. President Poincaré demands restitution and reparation for the peoples and individuals who have been despoiled and maltreated, but in the name of justice, not for the sake of crushing a hated enemy. So far as appears on the surface, there is no particular in which the aims of President Poincaré differ from those of President Wilson.

NOT much light is reflected from the exchange of courtesies represented by President Wilson's speech nominating Clemenceau as Chairman of the Peace Conference, and by the French Premier's reply. President Wilson, according to his custom, laid stress upon the fundamental harmonies of the case. He assured the world that Clemenceau's purpose "is set toward the goal of achievement toward which all our faces are turned." Clemenceau was no less accommodating. "The program of this conference has been laid down by President Wilson. It is no longer the peace of a more or less vast territory, no longer the peace of continents; it is the peace of nations that is to be made." There is no sacrifice Clemenceau is not ready to make for the League of Nations, but "on the condition that we endeavor impartially to conciliate interests, apparently contradictory, on the higher plane of a greater, happier and better humanity." In plain English, Clemenceau means to differ in the beginning, if need be, but agree in the end.

A LUCID and well informed English correspondent interprets the result of the British elections as a verdict in retrospect upon the conduct during the war of parties and political leaders. The electors made up their minds whom they wanted to punish and whom they wanted to approve. They defeated Snowden, Macdonald, Asquith and Runciman, whereas they gave huge majorities to labor leaders such as J. H. Thomas. He regards the result, consequently, not as a ca-

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lamity for democracy nor as a symptom that the extension of the suffrage has launched England on a system of veiled autocracy. The electorate was trying to express real preferences, but its attempt partly miscarried because the mind of the country was travelling, as it had throughout the war, from three to six months behind the march of events. Yet this inability of the British voters to keep up with the events when events are moving with such rapidity is in itself a grave calamity. They will soon wake up with a start to the new situation—and will discover how completely their present state of mind is misrepresented by a predominatingly Unionist House of Commons. What happens then will depend on the Prime Minister; but in the opinion of our correspondent, Lloyd George is improved by his success and nothing more will be heard of the odious pledges and promises which disgraced the election. Those pledges have, however, already contributed substantially to the misery and uncertainty of Central Europe; Germany is fast moving down hill. The continuance of the blockade without any provision for the supply of raw materials, the delay in despatching foodstuffs, are accelerating the pace. To read the German newspapers is like watching a man sliding down a precipice and clutching desperately at the soil as he slips by.

THE German elections show clearly that Bolshevism is not yet deeply rooted or widely distributed in the German population. The moderates have won practically everything. The Majority Socialists and the German Democrats will be able between them to control the constituent assembly and establish the kind of government they choose, and that means a democratic government not differing widely from the western models. There is only one hope for the extremists, whether Socialists of the Spartacus group or Junkers and Pan Germanists, and that lies in a new revolution. No doubt they will try to organize such a revolution, but they have small prospects of success if the Allied governments permit the adequate provisioning of Germany and the restoration of industrial activity. That is the crux of the whole matter. Do the Allies wish order to be reestablished in Germany? They can have their wish granted, so much the elections prove. But with order reestablished will not Germany soon become a formidable commercial competitor? Undoubtedly. The Allied nations have their choice between a Germany rent by successive revolutions and generating a Bolshevist menace for the whole world, and a prosperous Germany quite able to fight for her share in the world's trade. One or the other; which shall it be?

"IT must be remembered that most of the 'news' printed about Bolshevism came, not from Russia, but from the enemies of the Bolsheviki, and most of it was false. But it is true that if you keep a man restrained, oppressed, censor and spy upon him, threaten him with personal violence, and then suddenly set him free, he will run wild. He will become drunk with freedom, and this is exactly what has happened in Russia." Guess the origin of this "palliation of Bolshevik crime." The Novy Mir, organ of Bolshevism in America? The Liberator? No; an interview with Manuel Komroff, just back from Russia, published in the New York Times Magazine of January 19. From the point of view of the Times those heresies are partly redeemed by the fact that Komroff is still for intervention to save Russia from Bolshevism and worse—for there is something worse, in his opinion, syndicalism and anarchism.

THAT the Paderewski group is exercising blanket control over news issuing from Poland is apparent from the nature of the reports that reach us. They are uniformly innocuous blarney concerning the new ruler or insidious representations concerning the opposition. Not even plain and unmistakable lying is beneath the dignity of the information bureau of the new regime. A dispatch points with confidence to the approaching prosperity of a free Poland under the new cabinet, quotes gravely a proposition by the imposed premier for a monument of Colonel House in every town and village of the reorganized state, and contrives to shelve Pilsudski and discredit the socialists in one brief, false, deprecatory, concluding paragraph: "His (Paderewski's) greatest task was to handle General Joseph Pilsudski, the military head of the country, who wished to permit M. Paderewski to form a new ministry, but was afraid of precipitating a civil war because of the threats of the socialists."

Conciliation for Russia?

THE recent proposal by the British government of a more conciliatory policy towards Soviet Russia is an amazing and an encouraging fact. It is amazing because until recently all the official statements about Russia dished up both by the British Foreign Office and the American State Department accused the Soviet Republic of being essentially and exclusively a criminal conspiracy against human liberty and progress. A large part of British and American public opinion accepted this indictment as literally true. It was astonished and bewildered by the attempt to conciliate a government which had been alleged to be

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so utterly odious and depraved. Under the circumstances it surely had some excuse for being not only astonished and bewildered but irritated. Either the official propaganda about the condition in Russia had been a gross distortion of the truth or else the proposed policy of conciliation must be condemned as it was condemned by M. Pichon. Unless, consequently, the British government decides to reverse its policy once again, it will have to justify its conciliatory disposition by permitting the British and American public to learn what the condition in Russia actually is. That is the meaning of the proposed Anglo-American commission of investigation. It is a frank admission of the falsehood of what the Allies have said about revolutionary Russia and of the failure of their policy toward her. If the Soviet Republic had been, as the American State Department and the British Foreign Office has alleged, essentially a criminal conspiracy against civilization, there would be nothing to investigate except the degree of its guilt and the nature of the punishment.

The British government is not likely to reverse its new attitude towards Russia. Its leaders are beginning to learn too much about the existing standing and strength of the Soviet Republic. The military attack on the Soviets, to which the American government so reluctantly submitted last August, was defended at the time by an account of the condition of Russian public opinion which has since proved to be mistaken. Throughout the summer Russian emigrés alleged that comparatively small Allied forces, introduced into several Russian ports, would have no difficulty in penetrating the country and rolling up a large volume of Russian popular opposition against the Soviets. The expeditions were undertaken, but the result has not followed. The Russian people, with the exception of a few Cossacks, land-owners and former officials, have either opposed the invasion or else remained indifferent. They have not either liked or trusted the Bolshevists, but they feared and distrusted still more the Russian emigrés who returned under the protection of foreign bayonets; and no less did they fear and distrust the attitude which the Allied governments from the beginning displayed towards their revolution. The Allied military intervention has consequently made little or no headway. It cannot make headway unless the governments are willing and able to penetrate Russia with enormous armies of occupation. There have been indications recently of Bolshevist uprisings in many parts of the Siberian territory occupied by the Allied troops, and of an indisposition of the Czecho-Slovaks to pursue any further the politically disastrous and morally dubious adventure.

According to information recently published in the British press the Soviet government has since the signing of the armistice steadily increased in strength. Better order now prevails in revolutionary Russia than at any time since the fall of the Romanoffs. Food distribution is more thoroughly organized than at any time during the whole war. Factories, managed not by committees of employees but by the Soviet government in consultation with such committees, are starting to work wherever raw materials are obtainable. The terror, which always was grossly exaggerated in American press reports, has ceased. During the last two months there have been no executions in Moscow. At its worst many of its victims were venal Soviet officials, and by means of this drastic method the Soviet government has partially purged the administration of the deeply rooted evil of corruption. The Red Army, consisting of about 600,000 soldiers, is strong enough to be invincible against the largest possible opposing Russian army. Any body of invading troops would have to consist of over a million men because they would arouse a popular and national resistance. They would be welcomed and supported only by a few former officials and property-owners. The Russian people know only too well what a return of the emigrés would mean. Wherever the "Whites" have temporarily occupied a district they have drawn upon the wealth of their own experience in order to teach the Reds how a terror should really be conducted.

During the autumn a large part of the professional and petty middle class have gone over to the Soviet government. The industrial wage-earners are united in its favor and the early hostility of the peasantry is at least very much ameliorated. According to the usually accurate New Statesman, if the election for a constituent assembly were held at the present time, more Bolshevist candidates would be seated than those of any other party. This is a long guess and it may be a bad guess, but a more moderate statement is sufficiently certain. The Soviet government, in spite of famine and pervading popular distress, cannot at present be overthrown by anything but foreign bayonets. If it is not majority rule, it is certainly the rule of much the most numerous, most vigorous and most determined minor faction in Russia. And if the Allied governments continue the policy of military intervention or of starving out the Russian revolution and of lending assistance to monarchist reactionaries, the large Bolshevist minority, if it is a minority, would soon become a clear majority. Such is the result up to date of French, English and American policy in Russia. By its persistent misunderstanding of the Soviets and its enmity to them, it has slowly but steadily enabled the extreme advocates of a class dictatorship to capture the Russian

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revolutionary government and to win the support either of a considerable minority or an actual majority of the Russian people.

It has become a choice, consequently, between conquering or conciliating revolutionary Russia. The French and the Italians still cling to the idea of forcible suppression, but they are powerless to carry it into effect. No government either in Europe or America dares to ship to Russia a sufficient number of soldiers to overcome the military resistance of the Soviets. An Allied army has more to fear from Bolshevism than Bolshevism has to fear from an Allied army. The alternative policy of drawing a cordon around revolutionary Russia and trying to starve the Soviets into submission looks more possible, but it is hideously inhuman, it is slow in becoming effective, and it calls for a life and death struggle between the Allied governments and the Revolution. Those governments will not dare to engage in such a struggle with economic weapons any more than they will with military weapons. Their own position is too insecure. The attempted suppression of Bolshevism by guerrilla warfare and starvation would tend at least temporarily to increase the virulence of the disease and at the same time to weaken the resistance which the rest of Europe could oppose to it. The European body politic, after the moral and physical wear and tear of the last few years, is unfit for such a strain. If the Allied democracies undertake it, they will not only delay their own recuperation but they will increase the probability of communicating the contagion to western Europe. It is the dawning apprehension of the implacability and the gravity of these facts which accounts for the change in the official British policy.

It remains to be seen whether a policy of conciliation is still possible, and if possible, it will prove to be successful. The obstacles to reaching any agreement with Bolshevism look almost as insuperable as the obstacles to exterminating it or starving it to death. Not that the Bolshevist leaders are unwilling to negotiate. They will, we believe, agree on certain terms both to pay the foreign creditors of Russia and to abandon aggressive propaganda. But Lenin will ask for a good deal in return. He will demand not merely the evacuation of Russian territory and a relaxation of the blockade, but what would amount to the recognition of the Soviet Socialist republic as a sufficiently representative government. He may obtain these demands in the end, but only after overcoming the bitter opposition of the Russian, French, English and American irreconcilables. Formal or informal recognition of the Soviet Republic would imply the admission into the Society of Nations of an experimental state which had used confiscation in order to do away with capitalism, which proposed to live by substituting labor for property as the source of individual independence and social cohesion. The rulers of France, Great Britain, Italy and probably of this country are not reconciled to the licensing of such a drastic experiment. If the proposed British policy of conciliation is found in practice to involve recognition of a thoroughly socialist state, the existing governments will adopt it only as a last resort. A prolonged delay will take place before the governments of the western nations will pay the prevailing price of peace with Soviet Russia.

In any event the success of the policy of conciliation will be compromised by the delay in its adoption. Since the spring of 1917 Russian revolutionary radicals have repeatedly besought the governments and the peoples of the western democracies for understanding, sympathy and assistance; but besought in vain. The Kerensky government implored them to call an inter-belligerent Socialist conference or even an inter-allied conference in the hope of hastening the end of the war by diplomacy and so preventing the spread of Bolshevism. Later, when Russia could no longer resist and Lenin was the one man who dared to accept the "shameful peace" as an inevitable fact, the Allied and American governments falsified the issue by attributing the action to pro-Germanism. They scorned Lenin's offer of assistance and treated the Soviet Republic as the ally instead of the enemy of the German autocracy. Their subsequent policy of repudiating the very real diplomatic assistance which the Russian revolution was able to render the democratic cause and of fighting the Russians because Russia was too exhausted to fight the Germans has proved a flagrant failure and a wholly uncompensated loss. It did nothing to hasten or to assure a military victory over Germany, while at the same time it drove Russian radicalism to the adoption of the desperate reprisal of a Red Terror and increased the volume of its popular Russian following. The net result of Allied statesmanship in Russia has been to create for the extreme of revolutionary socialism a popular support and a self-confidence which it could not have obtained on its merits. Certain allied statesmen are now considering the alternative policy of treating Bolshevism as a condition rather than as a crime. Such a policy is the only one which still has a chance of preventing the spread of revolutionary socialism, but if it fails or if its adoption proves over costly these Allied statesmen have themselves to thank for the failure and the expense. They committed the worst possible mistake of democratic statesmen—that of disregarding the impulses and misinterpreting the meaning of a great revolutionary popular movement.

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Woman's Work After the War

"THE same patriotism which induced women to enter industry during the war should induce them to vacate their positions after the war."

Thus the Central Federated Union of New York. Women having performed their job can now go. While the men were at war it was permissible for women to run elevators, work drills, carry messages, or collect fares on street cars. When Johnny comes marching home again, however, woman's work is done and her proper place is the home. As a disinterested citizen recently remarked in a serious meeting to discuss this question, "Women should now go back to their homes to keep them bright and cheerful for the wage-earners."

It is of course natural that the American workman, like the workman of all countries, should view the entrance of the woman into *his* factory and *his* job with some concern. No one enjoys the prospect of being forced to contend against a capable competitor who is able, and perhaps willing, to work cheaper. It is this feeling which is at the bottom of the efforts of the Cleveland street car conductors to secure the dismissal of the women conductors, and it has also animated many other open and covert assaults upon the position of the women employees. But this trade union antagonism to women, which exists despite all disclaimers, is rooted not in sex opposition but in the fear that these lower-skilled but alert and unexigent women will reduce wages and throw the men out of their jobs. The men fear that women will be used as strike-breakers, above all as potential strike-breakers. They fear that women will dilute labor and undermine the preferred position of the skilled workers. The trade-unionist, therefore, though he wants his own daughter to work at other men's jobs does not want other men's daughters to work at his job. It is all quite human.

Today the man worker has special reasons for distrust. He has lived through a brief period in which industry absorbed every worker, male or female, sober or drunk, employable or semi-unemployable, that it could lay its hands on. Now he is entering upon a period of industrial reaction and, perhaps, stagnation. The soldiers are returning and many hundreds of thousands of workers now employed will be discharged and millions will face a threatened cut in wages. What more obvious solution than to have the women quietly drop out? Being the last to come they should be the first to go.

Undoubtedly many women will be discharged even under the most favorable circumstances—hundreds of thousands of them. Many others will leave industry voluntarily because the lower wages which they will now be able to earn will not compensate them for what they surrender in continuing to work. The main body of women workers, however, will cling to their jobs because they must. They will keep their positions for the same reason that they kept their positions before the war. If they cannot earn twelve dollars they will take ten or nine, just as, in the end, the man who can no longer earn twenty dollars will accept eighteen or even sixteen dollars. Women will fight for all they can get, but whether they get more or less they will work because they must.

What must be remembered is that the employment of women is not an employment de luxe and not an employment de grace. A few wealthy women have taken menial jobs "to encourage the others," but nothing could be more utterly at variance with the facts than the theory that our industrial work is being performed by gentlewomen who, laying aside their fancy work and abjuring limousines and bridge, have donned over-alls or aprons and are now at work in our metal shops or in the kitchens of our quick-lunch restaurants. Scratch a "conductorette" or a scullery-maid and you do not always find a former "society leader."

An overwhelming majority of the women gainfully employed during the war had been at work before the war. We do not know the exact proportion, for no one in our enlightened government believes in enlightening the people on subjects like this. But here is a single revealing fact: the female conductors on the Cleveland street railways were recently asked in what former occupations they had been employed. Of the 173 women answering the question, only ten had never worked before and only ten more had been employed at home work. Of these women conductors, 153, or 88.5%, had formerly been employed in either trade or manufacturing. To them the offer of a conductor's job meant merely an extension of employment opportunities and not a change from leisure to labor.

We are all likely to misunderstand this woman's invasion of industry during the war. We are likely to attribute it too largely to patriotism and too little to self-interest. We are prone to regard the movement as an isolated fact, as a breach with a former economic development, whereas, in truth, it is a combination of a long, progressive development. For fifty years American industry has been calling for the help of women and the women have responded. The war merely made the call more urgent and the response more immediate. Woman's entrance into new occupations during the war was nothing but an acceleration of a movement which has been proceeding for decades and

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would have continued, war or no war, for decades to come.

Look at the facts. In 1880 only 15 out of every 100 women in the country were gainfully employed, whereas by 1910 no less than twenty-three in a hundred were employed. The total number of women workers increased in this period from two and a half to eight millions. Of these eight millions almost one-third were employed in domestic and personal service, but that group includes many employments, such as restaurant work, in which the woman is obliged to leave the home. In manufacturing and mechanical industries alone over 1,800,000 women were employed (in 1910) and the number since has been constantly and rapidly increasing.

The employment of women is even wider than these figures indicate. While 23% of all women are employed, the proportion for women between the ages of 16 and 21 is 40 per 100. Rhode Island, in 1910, employed 67% of all its women between these ages of 16 and 21; Massachusetts, 60%; South Carolina, 60%; Connecticut, 59%; New York, 57%; New Jersey, 54%. In other words the draft upon the female labor force was already heavy. Older women and married women were also engaged. In 1910 over one and a quarter million women above the age of 44 were gainfully employed and probably no less than 1,100,000 married women. As the Bureau of Labor Statistics report on the "Condition of Woman and Child Wage Earners" says: "The married woman is by no means an exceptional figure in the industrial world."

Nor was this employment of women then, and it is not now, a voluntary acceptance of a temporary job for the sake of economic experience or to gain pin money. Women worked, and they work today, because of necessity, because of economic pressure. A half dozen years ago the Bureau of Labor Statistics carefully investigated the incomes of families of workers in four important industries and discovered that the contributions of daughters, 16 years of age or over, formed 26.7% of the total income of their families, while among New England cotton-mill workers this contribution by the daughters amounted to 42.6% of the family income. In families where the mother was gainfully employed her wage made up from 25.1% to 33% of the total income of the family. The rising cost of living has increased the pressure upon daughters, and also upon mothers, to go out to work. "Few workingmen's families," concludes the Bureau Report, "are sufficiently prosperous to lose such a fraction of their income (the daughter's contribution) without feeling it severely."

Today there are probably no less than twelve million women gainfully employed in the United States. This number may decline but only temporarily, for the proportion of American women in industry is still smaller than was the English, French, Belgian or German proportion before the war. There seems no good reason to believe that the economic pressure driving women into industry will grow less, for even if the cost of living does not increase, the standard of living will rise. A restriction of immigration will merely swell this flow of women into the factory, for it will raise wages and force employers to make conditions more acceptable to women workers. The war, by forcing women into unwonted occupations, has contributed still further to the permanent breaking down of the barriers of custom and prejudice, and while the women will probably fail to hold their own in certain of the new trades into which they have been admitted, they are likely to make good their position in those new occupations for which they are really fitted. In the long run women will go into and stay in industry as long as it is to their interest to do so, and it will be to their interest until economic and general social conditions radically change. All appeals to them to surrender their jobs on grounds of patriotism must therefore remain futile.

Prohibition as a Warning

TWENTY years ago what prophet would have cared to stake his reputation on a prediction that men then living would survive to see prohibition in force throughout America, immutably fixed by Constitutional amendment, enforcible by federal police regulations also provided for in the Constitution? It seemed impossible. Now it is a fact. The opponents of prohibition, to be sure, still talk of fighting it. They still plan to raise millions for a campaign of nullification. But soon they will recognize that they had better spare their efforts and save their cash. There is no undoing what has been done.

We cannot, however, dismiss the action from our minds with the simple acceptance of its irrevocability. The Constitution has not reached final shape with the eighteenth amendment. The same process by which the distilling and brewing and liquor selling interests have been wiped out may yet be employed to wipe out other interests as ruthlessly. Therefore the process is worth the study both of those who resist further change and of those who are eager for it. The first stage in that process was a natural adjustment to historical conditions peculiar to American colonial development. New England and the middle colonies were not adapted

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by soil and climate to wine culture. The colonists had not the patience and the industrial knack to produce good ales and beers, but their trading enterprises in the West Indies brought them unlimited rum and molasses, the raw material of rum. Drinking therefore tended naturally to drunkenness, and became early a moral issue, as it had never become in the countries of Europe, whence America had derived her morality. The westward movement of population carried with it the habit of hard liquor, as the most convenient form for transportation and production, and the moral issue followed after. So much for the preconditions of prohibition in America.

That, however, is only preliminary to an explanation of the success of the movement. Morality issues do not easily command the fervid support of the majority supposed to rule in a democracy. The history of non-enforcement in prohibition states gives color to the belief that scarcely anywhere have the convinced adherents of prohibition commanded a substantial majority. Nobody supposes that the remarkable progress of the eighteenth amendment through Congress and the state legislatures represents a corresponding fervency of purpose in the body of the people. Would a universal referendum on federal prohibition yield even a majority vote? We doubt it. But a majority is not needed to pass a law or a constitutional amendment if a clearly drawn moral issue is involved. No legislator, no man with political aspirations, can afford to have himself counted on the wrong side of a moral issue. He will vote on the side of morality, even if he considers it a bogus morality. For the memory of the moral is tenacious, and the vengeance of the moral is relentless, ruthless.

There is one more aspect of the struggle between prohibition and the liquor interests that deserves attention. Those interests, recognizing dimly that a political movement involving a definite conception of morality contained grave elements of danger, cast about for every means of defending themselves. They were driven straight into politics, and for generations played the game, unscrupulously, arrogantly, reaching into legislative bodies with bribes and favors, purchasing political organizations, corrupting the electorate, packing the ballot box. One would find difficulty in citing a single crooked nomination or election in which the liquor interests had no hand. Besides, they sought to control public opinion at its source, through the press. Everyone knows something of the influence upon editorial policies exerted through liquor advertising. Thus it was possible to stave off state prohibition measures, or to render ineffective such measures as were forced through to enactment. But in securing such temporary gains the liquor interests were building up against themselves a new moral issue. Many men who were not inclined to take too seriously the charge that liquor was destroying the physical manhood of the nation were fully convinced that it was the implacable foe of the nation's political integrity. True, there was a movement among the liquor men to reform themselves, to combat drunkenness, to clean up their political record. It came too late, and now the whole business has fallen with a crash, the lightest and least noxious liquors with the heaviest and most poisonous, the most decent and well ordered "dinner with wine" along with the most degraded and disorderly thugs' hangout. Hundreds of millions of property values have been destroyed, with no distinction between the innocent holder of respectable brewery stock and the flashy brute who has fattened on the profits of illicit sales to brothels. In vain will any one protest in behalf of the widows and orphans whose property is wiped out, in behalf of the charitable and fiduciary institutions whose prosperity is compromised. The retort of the triumphant prohibitionist is that nobody can offer the plea of innocent investor in an immoral enterprise. And if it is urged that before the enactment of prohibition brewing and distilling were as lawful enterprises as any other, that brewing and distillery stock were capital like any other, equally clothed with the sanctity of private property, the prohibitionist replies that there is no such conception as the sanctity of private property in the average American's mind. The sole title of property to inviolability, in the popular opinion that can make or unmake the Constitution, consists in morality and utility. The English, and the American legal profession trained in English habits of thought, may consider the vested interest as something in itself deserving of defence. The plain American does not. In his attitude on prohibition he has shown himself exactly as mindful of property interests of which his sense of morality does not approve as the Russian Bolsheviki. The Bolsheviki believe that property in land and manufacturing capital degrades the masses and corrupts politics: therefore away with it. The American prohibitionist has similar views of the function of capital in breweries and distilleries. Away with it!

But Amercan confiscation will stop there, will it not? Let us not be too sure of it. Consider for example the status of railway capital, not in law, where it is wholly secure, but in the public opinion that has so strikingly exhibited its power to remake the law. American railway policies in the early decades were tainted with force and fraud and destructive speculation. The conditions of a new country perverted railway policy, as earlier they had perverted the business of dealing in alcoholic

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beverages. The railways therefore raised up against themselves a moral movement, based on the formula that the service of transportation is a public service that ought not to be usurped by private profiteers. Whether that was a sound formula or not does not here matter. It was accepted, and is accepted, through wider circles, probably, than were in favor of federal prohibition twenty years ago. Because of the strength of the moral movement against them and its political consequences, control or blackmail, the railways went into politics, and in many states are popularly believed to have played a larger part in engineering crooked political deals than the liquor interests themselves. Like the liquor interests, the railways are conceived of as actively engaged in shaping public opinion through the press. True, the railways have of late given indications of reforming themselves. But are they going to be more successful than the liquor interests were with their "light wines and beer" movement?

That movement came too late. And there is ground for surmising that the railways will be too late in adjusting themselves to the public sentiment that has grown up against them. They know that the country is full of men who draw a sharp distinction between actual railway investment and watered stock, between the value of the plant created by the railway companies and the value of the right of way granted by the public. Yet the average railway man cries loudly for the right to earn on watered stock, on franchise values, as well as on track and rolling stock. He is willing to go into politics to establish that right. Under the Constitution he thinks he can secure its validation. Perhaps he can. But there are forces behind the Constitution that he had better take into account.

It is entirely within the bounds of probability that in their manoeuverings to get their properties back to private control, with the maximum possible improvement in their economic position, the railway owners will overplay their hands and consolidate against themselves the latent moral feeling that public service is a public, not a private function. With a moral movement gaining head against them, the rest of the process is predictable. The railways are almost certain to occupy themselves more actively than ever with politics, and the more conscious they are of their danger, the greater will be their inclination to condone shady methods applied in their behalf. They will ally themselves with other interests menaced by legislative attack, such as profiteering monopolies, and thus draw upon themselves the whole force of the equalitarian attack. Put beyond the moral pale, they will find that no politician will dare openly to protect them. The way will then be clear for a constitutional amendment transferring the railways to the government, on such terms as the railways will not like.

To be sure, they will plead for the rights of the innocent investor, the widows and orphans, the charitable and fiduciary institutions holding railway securities. They will invoke the principle of the sanctity of private property. But the adoption of the eighteenth amendment has proved once for all that the American popular consciousness recognizes no such principle, when it conceives a moral issue to be at stake.

Prohibition without compensation; nationalization without compensation; the parallel is too close to be disregarded by men of affairs who are really practical and farseeing. There is still time for the railways to square themselves with public opinion by eliminating every claim that does not commend itself to fair-minded men as reasonable, by accepting the principle that future service, not vested interests from out of the past, are the only valid claim to reward. But it is not very probable that they will thus adjust themselves to the current of the times. They feel themselves clever, powerful, competent to win more than a democracy is really willing to grant them. That was the delusion under which the liquor interests labored twenty years ago.

Shipping Control After the Peace

ONE institution born of the necessities of war will, it is to be hoped, survive the wave of laissez faire which is sweeping over the world. During the past three years the Allies have built up a machinery for the control of international shipping which has not only administered as a single fleet the merchant tonnage of virtually all the belligerents, but has by bargain, persuasion and pressure brought into the pool a large part of the neutral tonnage of the world. The guiding inspiration of this inter-allied organization has been that every ton of shipping should be employed where it could best serve the cause of the Allies, whether or not that happened to be the most profitable employment. Its expert personnel was for a short while won away from the aims of competition and profit and taught to hitch its wagon to the star of cooperation.

Already the spell of loyalty to a super-national cause is beginning to wear off. American merchants are anxiously watching the movements of their British rivals. British shipping men are keenly on the lookout for any sign of resumption of maritime activity in America, ready to guard jealously their traditional predominance in the fields now threatened by the new merchant marine of the United States. There are reports that France

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is planning a policy of discrimination against foreign shipping. The ill-feeling, suspicion, evil gossip, so familiar in large-scale competition at home, are beginning to manifest themselves on an international scale. In this dangerous atmosphere there is little hope that an international maritime organization will survive unless the objects to be gained and the work to be done by such an organization are clearly held in view.

The first and most important work for an allied maritime organization is to provide during the period of transition from war to peace an adequate international fleet for the non-commercial purposes to which the war has given rise. The repatriation of troops, the restoration of devastated Europe, the averting of famine in Russia, in the Balkans and in the former Central Empires, are international objects, for which all the Allied nations are alike responsible. The amount of shipping which each country must contribute and the remuneration it is to receive for the service, should be determined by conference and agreement, and made public to the world. If this is not done it is inevitable that there should be underground rumors that one country is stripping its commerce bare to fulfill this international obligation, while another is failing to contribute its share. Equality of sacrifice and complete publicity are the best antidotes to such rumors.

The second task for an international shipping organization is to provide for a safe and gradual transition from war-time freight rates to competitive freight rates. Ocean freight rates have recently been reduced both by England and the United States, but they are still many times as high as they were before the war. Only consistent and open cooperation between nations will bring them down to a normal level without doing serious injury to the commercial fabric. Each nation, in dealing with its own export freight rates, is under pressure to make secret rates sufficiently favorable to its own merchants to enable them to get orders away from the merchants of a competing nation. Each merchant is left in daily fear that his business will be destroyed because a foreign competitor is able to get a special freight rate from a favoring government. No sound system of foreign trade can be built up so long as exporters are threatened with this unfair competition and shipping is exposed to the constant menace of a rate war. There is urgent need for an agreement between the Allied maritime nations setting forth the principle which should govern the international rate structure during the period of transition—principles which can be broadly stated as publicity of rates, uniformity of rates, and a gradual and systematic reduction of rates—and the authorizing of a new or the existing Allied maritime agency to enforce the principles agreed upon. This agency should be fully equipped with shipping experts, but interests other than those of shipowners should dominate it.

The ultimate place for such an agency is of course as a sub-division of a League of Nations. In the long run, England, the United States, France and Italy cannot alone control its policy. The great neutral maritime nations must in time be admitted, and a world-wide instrument for the prevention of maritime discrimination established. Even after the period of transition there are many matters that might well be entrusted to it. Germany, before the war, maintained a policy of railroad rate discrimination for the benefit of foreign trade on favored German steamship lines. Plainly this is an unfair competitive practice which should be suppressed by international action. Many countries have given systematic preferential freight rates to all their export trade, a practice which a League of Nations, through its legislative agency, might well declare contrary to the principle of equality in international commerce, just as the Supreme Court of the United States has declared a similar practice on the part of our states to be contrary to the principle of equality in interstate commerce. There would be need of an international administration to enforce such a decree. Many other matters could be suggested. Perhaps international standards for seamen, for safety at sea, of mercantile practices, will be found expedient; here again continuous administration will be found necessary to supplement legislation.

There will be no excuse, therefore, for letting the existing international maritime machinery fall into disuse. It has an immediate function of the greatest importance during the period of reorganization; and should ultimately find a place as an integral part of a League of Nations.

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Roosevelt Now

THE words and ways of the time are gone for him. He spoke them and he trod them. But what was timeless in him was what we loved in him.

He was life's lover and life's scorner. He explored it forever and was forever ready to leave it. He was not simply life's energy. He was not simply, beyond any other living man, life's eternal forthright force. He was the irrelevant curiosity of it and the vagrant wandering of it and the finding of great magics in it and the perpetual amazement of it and its laughter. He was everything in it, but its tears. Tears he put aside. Was death tearful? Was pain tearful? He sought it and dared it to its instant worst. When he boxed, he boxed close in and bled. When he hunted, he hunted with hardship. The defying of death, the enduring of pain, the living with bad eyes and with bad ears and the yet hearing well and the yet seeing well, or as well as possible—it was joy. He did not make life an end. Life for him was nothing but openings beyond, openings to effort and chance and to the joy of effort and chance, joy everlasting.

So to be with him was not simply to live more strivingly. It was to live more abundantly. A primrose by the river's brim became a prodigious episode in the migration of flowers. A shy child coming into the room became a romp and a riot. A dusty book chanced on in the garret became a gigantic pitiless controversy among scholars past and present and to be. A dead phrase became a political missile. There it lay. There it had always lain. Roosevelt stumbled on it, looked at it, roared, picked it up, hurled it at the right mark and exploded it into fame. Everything became something else. There ceased to be any such thing as the commonplace. There ceased to be any such thing as a solid jungle of plodding fact. Every turn was now, with him, a turn into radiant vistas. He made Theodore Roosevelt the most interesting thing in the world. He seemed to do so. But when one had gone away from him one found that what he had really done was to make the world itself momentarily immortally interesting. He was the prism through which the light of day took on more colors than could be seen in anybody else's company. Him I can remember, and him I can carry with me in remembrance. But with him are buried a million gleaming patterns and pageants I now shall never see.

He was instinctive energy; and he was creative curiosity; and he went on then to his greatest greatness. This insatiable taster of life never fell into the heresy which damns the taster. He knew there were poisons. He set them down from his lips. And he knew the pit in which even the innocent but indiscriminate thirst of all life and of all sensation becomes a poisonous quicksand. He leaped over it. He might have been the greatest dilettante of his day. He might have been, in mind and in body, its greatest dandy. He might have been the most promiscuous absorber of its offerings. He became the most girded pursuer of its activities. He girt himself with choices and denials. The heresy of self-expression as an end, the heresy of self-development as an end, he met and conquered. Having perceived what things make life run on in joy forever even when the joy of the runner is gone, he chose such things. Things different he left. He perceived them, but he left them. He had a genius for the whole of life, but he had an even greater genius for the wholesome. With him one seemed to roam the world without limit and yet to return without soil. To be sophisticated to the very verge of the ultimate human abyss and yet to be as clean as a clean animal—that was his most extraordinary achievement and his most extraordinary legacy in the possibilities of the art of living. He lived, and he lived abundantly, he lived exuberantly, with all his universality, within submissions. He submitted to the continuing life of the individual and of the family and of what is greater than the family. And to that greater thing he gave his supreme submission. He gave it to the greatest cause he could perceive. He gave it to America.

It compelled him in his young years from the labors of the naturalist to the labors of the public man. It furnished him with the one doctrine of his last years. Those last years were, if sadness could ever have touched him, sad. They were lonely. But they were lofty. They were his greatest. They were not his greatest intellectually or temperamentally. But, beyond compare, they were his greatest morally. In political detail he remained within the pettiness of politics, more so than ever, but in political devotion to what he thought to be essential public moral doctrine he went farther than he had ever before gone, out of the politician completely into the patriot and so into the prophet. Remonstrances came upon him floodingly. He was so full and so open about armies and navies and war with Germany. If he would only abridge, if he would only abate, he could so much better advance his party and advance himself. He replied with fury. Never by abridgment or abatement would he be President again. The tariff he might have

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reformed, or might have refused to reform, by circumstances. Here was a thing outside circumstances. That America should be ready to strike at need and that every American should be ready to lose himself in the stroke—on those terms, and on those terms only, was he interested in campaigns. He preached universal liability to national survival. He was preaching personal character. No submission, no character. No limitless loyalty, no manhood. No loss of self into America, no self. No life militant and at risk, no life triumphant and at joy.

Loyalties may change. Submissions may shift. Nations may give way to industries and to groupings of industries. Quarrels between governments may vanish and be replaced by quarrels between syndicates and between classes. National armies and fleets may melt into the armies and fleets of the bourgeoisie and of the proletariat. The red soldiers of Lenine may be succeeded by the green or purple soldiers of a greater and a more thorough than Lenine. Yet will the meaning of Roosevelt be there. Yet will his virtues be essential to mankind if mankind is not to be stagnant prey of every successive little wilful whirlwind of autocratic or democratic or communistic or anarchistic or eugenic adventures. Yet will the common man raise himself to self-sacrifice or perish in his personality and in his sons and daughters. Yet will the causes die which end in self-expression and self-development and the preciousness of not dying. Yet will the causes live and triumph which elicit from their followers the submission Roosevelt gave to a cause I must still dare to count not unworthy, even in this day of great causes—the cause of these new hills and these new valleys on which we try once more anew the experiment of a society to transfuse and to transcend the indubitable material struggle of class by the indubitable mystical claim of humanity—the cause of America.

So he himself still lives. He lives, I may hope, to believe that he did not give its full proper place to the struggle of class. He lives, I may hope, to see that patriotism by itself is sacrilegious because it rends the body of Christ and tears His seamless coat. I may hope. But plainly I see him striding on and beating the mist back with swinging elbows; and in the space beyond is the gravity of Washington and the fierceness of Jackson and the melancholy of Lincoln and all the riches of men in which we Americans are already so rich; and he turns his head on his shoulder; and he looks back; and I cannot hear him speak; but I can hear the thing that was his mark and the symbol of his meaning; I can hear the click of teeth with which he girded himself to all denial of things in himself that weaken and to all conquest in himself of things beyond; and I can hear him laugh. And to the gravity of Washington and the fierceness of Jackson and the melancholy of Lincoln I see added the timeless gayety of Roosevelt.

WILLIAM HARD.

The New British Parliament

THE General Election which has just taken place in the United Kingdom is in many respects the most remarkable in the history of the nation. In an article in the New Republic (3rd August, 1918) I described the certainty of an early election, and of a triumphant majority for Mr. Lloyd George, with the Labor Party doing well if, contesting only "two-thirds of the seats in Great Britain, it polls a quarter of the aggregate vote." It has contested three-fifths of all the British seats, putting 360 duly endorsed candidates in the field—the party never before ran more than seventy-eight—and it has polled for these candidates, usually fiercely opposed by both Asquithians and Lloyd-Georgians, almost exactly one-fourth of the voting electorate of Great Britain. But so effective was the "whirlwind and tornado" raised by the Government speeches and the Government press, that the Asquithian liberals have been swept out of Parliamentary existence, all their leaders defeated, and their members reduced to the beggarly remnant of twenty-six. The Labor Party, though polling a quarter of all the British votes, finds itself with only one-tenth of the British seats, its numbers increased from thirty-five in the last Parliament to fifty-nine in that about to meet. In Ireland the Sinn Fein extremists have simply wiped out the constitutional Nationalists, who find themselves reduced to half a dozen members, the Unionists remaining, as before, one-fifth of the Irish representation. The result is that Mr. Lloyd George, instead of getting between 370 and 400 supporters, as was generally expected, has no fewer than 485 out of a House of Commons of 707, amounting to a majority of 263 over all other sections combined; with the despised Labor Party in the position of "His Majesty's Opposition," though with no more than fifty-nine members.

How has this happened and what does it portend? What no one foresaw six months ago, and

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what has made most of the difference, was, of course, the sudden and dramatic collapse of the Central Powers; and the unexpected conversion of the General Election from an anxious "war election" into a triumphant "peace election." In October last, when the Prime Minister was just about to make the final arrangements for the dissolution, it became known to the War Cabinet that the German collapse was at hand; and all decisions were postponed from week to week, until it could be seen whether there would be peace or not. The armistice was not signed until the 11th of November; and the delay had made a November election impossible. The fact that the British forces would be actively advancing during the ensuing six weeks along the whole front seemed, to nearly everybody, to render it impracticable to convey in time to these newly enfranchised electors, either the official ballot papers or the candidates' Election Addresses; and therefore to make an honest General Election before Christmas a practical impossibility. But Mr. Lloyd George thought otherwise. Realizing that he was at the very zenith of his popularity, he declared for an instant election; and if he could legally have had the polling in "armistice week" itself he might possibly have carried every constituency in Great Britain. But the necessary arrangements took time, and it was found impossible to fix the polling day earlier than December 14 (the soldiers in France and Belgium voting up to December 28); by which date, as Mr. Lloyd George foresaw, much of the glamor would have faded. The contest called, as it seemed, for all his political strategy.

The first step was one of consummate audacity and absolute novelty. A General Election was inevitable, and some fifteen millions of new electors had been given the vote. But why need they be given any opportunity of exercising it? Why should not the coalition of all political parties, which had brought the war to a successful conclusion, be continued for the great task of reconstruction? Nothing was more specious. Nothing was more tempting to the sitting members of Parliament, who saw the chance of keeping their seats without a contest. A "deal" was made with the leaders of the Unionist Party, the terms of which are not yet fully known. A similar "deal" was proposed to the section of the Liberal Party which had remained loyal to Mr. Asquith. Approaches to like effect were made to the Labor Party. The Liberals who had already joined the coalition were in the Prime Minister's pocket. The plan was, as was gradually revealed, to arrange that only one carefully endorsed candidate in each constituency should stand for the Great National Coalition in which all parties would be merged, all other prospective candidates already selected by the several parties being persuaded, by one inducement or another, to stand aside. There would thus have been if the plan had been generally adopted the absolute novelty of a General Election without contests, in which all the members would have been returned unopposed, or opposed only by "freak" candidates who might, in face of the combined party machines, be disregarded. The eight million women and the five million soldiers, who had been summoned to the franchise with so much enthusiasm, would have, formally, the right to vote, but they would find no one to vote for except the officially selected candidate representing all parties at once; unless, indeed, in some constituencies, an unknown and entirely ineffective "freak" candidate broke the monotony of the uncontested returns. No "election platform" would be necessary, beyond vague generalities, to which every elector could agree. The awkward necessity of deciding between free trade and tariff reform, between taxation of commodities and taxation of property, between a capitalist reconstruction of industry and the increasingly popular demands of the Labor Party, could be happily postponed until after the elections. The Government would "go to the country" for a mandate, empowering them not only to settle the terms of peace for the world, but also to carry out, as they might choose, the social reconstruction of the United Kingdom. But the electors, who would be invited to give this mandate, would be given no choice between rival programmes, and would, in fact, be carefully deprived of any practicable opportunity of voting for any but the approved Lloyd George candidate. Was there ever, in the history of British parliamentary institutions, so audacious a conception? Has so gigantic a fraud on political democracy ever been devised in the United States itself?

Substantially, this colossal audacity has been actually perpetrated. The Unionist Party and the greater part of the Liberal Party eagerly entered into the coalition compact, together with half a dozen members (such as Mr. Barnes and Mr. Roberts) who broke away from the Labor Party. The Labor Party itself refused to enter into the compact and insisted on putting its candidates and its proposals before the electors in as many constituencies as possible, so as to make the General Election a reality. Mr. Asquith's section of the Liberal Party, after some unexplained hesitation, finally took the same course, but could only hastily marshal its forces at the last moment; and never succeeded, moreover, in producing any rival programme. To all the candidates, Unionist, Liberal or Labor, who entered into the compact, a special certificate or "coupon" was issued by the Prime Minister, recommending them to the electors as warranted pat-

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riots. Upon all other candidates—independent Unionists who refused to pledge themselves to subserviency, the Asquithian Liberals, the Labor Party, and odds and ends of Independents—were poured the vials of wrath and scorn, vituperation and innuendo, by the carefully organized Government press, to which the hasty purchase of the Daily Chronicle had made a notable addition. To trip up the Labor Party candidates, who were specially feared, the sham Labor Party—at first known as the British Workers' League, and finally styled the National Democratic Party—was enabled, by funds subscribed through the Morning Post and other organs of the propertied classes, to finance thirty wrecking candidates, which succeeded in depriving the Labor Party of a dozen or more seats. But the feature of the contest was the vituperation and abuse of the candidates who had dared to refuse to enter into the Coalition compact. Those who opposed Mr. Lloyd George were pacifists, defeatists, unpatriotic traitors, who would make a "soft peace" with "their German friends." Towards the close of the contest the Prime Minister and his expert advisers evidently grew alarmed lest all their magnificent preparations might nevertheless fail to stampede the electorate. The number of Labor candidates put in the field proved to be twice as many as they had expected and their progress among the electors was highly alarming. It was reported that the soldiers, such of them as would be able to vote, were going solidly "against the Government." There was a panic about the inscrutable women's vote. The Prime Minister's screaming became shriller and shriller. The Kaiser must be brought to trial and drastically punished. Germany must be made to pay the whole cost of the war. Nobody could be trusted to give the British people vengeance or booty except the Government which had won the war. Especially the Labor Party was tainted by pacificism, internationalism and Bolshevism. And so on and so forth. "Kill the Kaiser" and "Make the Huns pay" were the popular election cries. Never has there been quite so vulgar an exhibition of insincere demagogy. It succeeded to the extent of persuading vast masses of inexperienced electors that national safety and honor required them to vote for the Government candidate. Two classes of candidates were practically snowed under. Any connection with Mr. Asquith's old administration, which had "fumbled the war," was fatal—no fewer than eighteen out of twenty-one ex-Ministers were defeated. Any association with "pacificism" was equally fatal. The score of Liberals and Labor men who had striven for "a negotiated peace"—Messrs. J. R. Macdonald, Snowden, Jowett, Anderson, Trevelyan Ponsonby, Outhwaite, and so on—all went down. Even Mr. Arthur Henderson's championship of the Stockholm Conference was made the excuse for a specially vehement attack, which the Prime Minister himself organized against his former colleague, and which put him at the bottom of the poll. This defeat of Mr. Henderson was the biggest tragedy, and in many ways the most serious loss, of the election. In the end less than half the total electorate actually voted—the soldiers' attempt to vote being rendered largely nugatory—and the heterogeneous coalition got just over half of the votes cast. The Labor Party got a quarter, the Asquithan Liberals one-eighth, and the various Irish parties and independents shared the other eighth. But Mr. Lloyd George's majority in the House of Commons is more than twenty times as great as his majority at the polls. The new Government, which he is constituting this very week, will start with omnipotence in Parliament, unchecked even by any organized and competent opposition in the House of Commons. But within a very few months, amid the unemployment attendant on demobilization, with the necessary additional taxation, in the midst of grave industrial troubles, with trade still shackled and the cost of living substantially undiminished, the new Government will be more unpopular among the mass of the people than any Government within my recollection. And the conviction is very general that one way or another the Government will break up; and possibly another General Election will be upon us within a couple of years.

The Labor Party in the new House of Commons, now relieved of its small but exceptionally active pacifist wing, has the great responsibility and the great opportunity of acting as "His Majesty's Opposition." Its three-score members are mainly experienced officials of the great trade unions, with here and there a new man of other antecedents—a popular Welsh brigadier general, one or two university graduates, a few journalists and ex-teachers. The general debacle was too great to permit of the election of many of the "intellectuals" who furnished a quarter of the party candidates. The leadership of the party in the House of Commons will rest, substantially, if not nominally, with Mr. J. H. Thomas (secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen) and Mr. Clynes (the late successful Food Controller), whilst Mr. Henderson will (as secretary to the Labor Party) continue the work of organization throughout the constituencies, in preparation for the next election, and will take in hand also the reconstitution "of the International."

The duty of the Parliamentary Labor Party will clearly be, not to seek to obstruct the Government proposals, which they will not find it practicable

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even to amend, but to place before the country, as each successive question comes up in the House of Commons, the alternative proposal of the Labor Party. The programme on which the party fought the election—embodied in Labor and the New Social Order, which the New Republic printed in full—affords the material for such a perpetual presentation of an alternative policy to that which will be forced by his followers on Mr. Lloyd George. One or two years of such a steadfast confrontation of rival policies and of alternative practical measures, which the Labor Party has already ready in draft, would mean a tremendous progress for the party in public estimation; and would go far, in the inevitable political reaction, to gain for it at the next election the fifty per cent addition to its support at the polls which would secure it actually a Parliamentary majority and a logically impregnable position.

But this is just what Mr. Lloyd George, the Times, and the propertied class generally, do not want. An attempt will accordingly be made to "corral" the Labor Party for this Parliament as it was successfully "coralled" during the past three years. The proposal will be made, backed by every specious offer, that "labor" should drop its "party tactics" and "come inside" to take its share in the great work of "social reconstruction." Now that the election is over, it should "join the Coalition" and "cooperate loyally with the administration." Translated into practice this would mean that three or four leading Labor members would be given ministerial office, where the experienced Civil Servants would take care that they "did no harm." They would have a representative in the cabinet, who would be politely treated, but would be without influence on policy. All the Labor ministers would be required to "support the government" on every occasion; and would therefore find themselves constantly voting for measures of which the Labor Party entirely disapproved, and they would be, in effect, hostages for the party in the camp of the enemy. The whole Labor Party, "forming part of the Coalition," would be prevented from acting freely as "His Majesty's Opposition"; and, in particular, would find itself unable systematically to propound any rival policy or regularly to propose alternative measures to those of Mr. Lloyd George. At the next General Election it would be no more powerful than it is at present. Accordingly, this "joining the Coalition"—which is the very negation of British Constitutionalism—is what is now being proposed to the Labor Party, against which Mr. Lloyd George was only a fortnight ago so violently fulminating. But this time any decision to "join the Coalition" would have to be given, not, as heretofore, by a joint meeting of the parliamentary party and the executive committee, but by the party conference of delegates from all the constituent organizations, where the vote would be taken according to the membership represented. The issue would depend on the view taken by the two largest societies, the Miners' Federation and the National Union of Railwaymen. It is believed that they will stand firm to the position of political independence for which they voted in November last.

SIDNEY WEBB.

The Paderewski Adventure

CURRENT events in Poland echo most faithfully those attendant upon the competition for the Polish crown during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which brought about the partition of Poland between Russia, Germany and Austria. In 1669 Wisniowiecki, a native Pole, was elected King of Poland by the unanimous vote of his countrymen. A few weeks later Sobieski, an unsuccessful aspirant for the throne, placed himself under the protection of Louis XIV of France and carried out a series of conspiracies, including overt attempts at seizure, against his lawful sovereign. A historian of that date writes: "We have come, in fact, to the age of utter shamelessness when disappointed place-hunters openly invoke foreign aid against their own country."

The modern parallel needs only the change of names to make the historian's lament increasedly sad by reason of the war just fought and won on behalf of democracy and the freedom of oppressed nationalities. Every newspaper reader knows that a few days after the signing of the armistice free Poland unanimously chose the Polish patriot General Pilsudski as Dictator to serve until the national election of January 26th decides who should be the first President. Pilsudski had amply proved his loyalty and capacity by a life devoted to efforts to free his country from foreign oppression and control. His name ranks justly with that of his great predecessor Kosciusko.

But in spite of a smoothly-running government, established in a literal and spiritual interpretation

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of President Wilson's announced principles of self-determination of peoples, events like those of 1669 began to happen in Warsaw within the brief time it took a "disappointed place-hunter" to travel from New York to Warsaw, with a few days' halt in Paris to get the proper credentials from the political descendants of Louis XIV that would entitle him to conspire, meddle in, and attempt to seize the new self-determined government of Poland.

The modern Sobieski has a distinguished name in the artistic world—Paderewski—and is a member of the Paris Committee of Exiled Poles who, aided and abetted by reactionaries of the French and British governments, had decided that their committee was to be the new government of Poland. That the free Poles had not only chosen General Pilsudski but had repudiated the Paris Committee as without authority to speak or act for them were apparently matters of no importance to Mr. Paderewski or the British and French governments.

The first public announcement of their combined intentions was the cablegram that Mr. Paderewski had left Copenhagen on a British cruiser for Poland and would be accompanied on his tour by an officer of the British army. Daily dispatches told the world of his arrival at Danzig, at Posen and finally at Warsaw, in each of which cities his presence was greeted alternately with cheers and bullets. The typical propaganda is now in full swing, and we learn that the cheers came from the Poles, who had already unanimously condemned the Paderewski Paris Committee, and that the bullets came from the Bolshevists; a like origin of both is never hinted at. At Warsaw a polite demand was made upon General Pilsudski to retire in favor of Mr. Paderewski; but that demand, backed with the prestige of only one British army officer, could hardly be expected to bring results from the man whom the armistice had released from prison where he was placed two years ago because a similar request from the German government then in full flower had met with a firm refusal.

Mr. Paderewski emulated Sobieski still further by kidnapping the Pilsudski cabinet and calling upon the Polish soldiers to end the government which they and the civilians had voluntarily chosen. Everybody recognized the comic-opera phase of the situation except the stage-manager and his imperial backers, and he flooded the cables with announcements to a but feebly sympathetic world. He claimed that he represented, and had power of attorney, from the four millions of Poles in America; in fact, Mr. Paderewski represented only a political organization in America composed of a certain branch of the Polish clergy in combination with the elements which have made the Republican political machine notorious. It is interesting to note that when Paderewski was working this machine in America, under cover, he told the Poles here that he was the only official representative in America of the new State of Poland which had been recognized by the British and French governments. What the free Poles in Poland had to say of his Paris Committee is a matter of history; but there was an element of truth in the semi-official recognition by the foreign governments. However, he failed to state that the recognition was the product of intrigue and that the reason was similar to the polite fiction uttered by Catharine of Russia in 1763 when she insisted upon the Poles accepting the ruler she named because he was "the individual most convenient for our common interests."

Paderewski's demands for the government, aborted attempts at seizure, intimidation, and the rest of the technique of Bolshevism, did not exhaust the pretender's resources, and we now learn that Mr. Paderewski wishes to form a coalition with the Pilsudski government with the idea of making it more representative; but General Pilsudski was already familiar with the fact that for two years the liberal Poles in America had pleaded in vain with Paderewski to join them in efforts to unite all the political factions and work for a free and independent Poland and to raise money for the relief of war distress infinitely greater than that in Belgium and France combined. It is a matter of documentary evidence that Paderewski stood pat upon his sole official representative character and that the sending of large sums of money to the war victims in Poland was blocked because of that stand. In fact his policy in America was the either rule or ruin one which he is trying to apply in Warsaw today.

The incidents as narrated would be negligible if they occurred unsupported by the two great Allied Powers who will have much to say at the peace table. Their significance is ominous to those who hope that the war just ended was waged for the reasons which President Wilson announced in unmistakable terms. In his speech to the Senate on January 22nd, 1917, the President declared for a free, united and autonomous Poland; incidentally he declared that nations should no longer be treated as the mere chattels of the great powers. When the armistice was signed Poland automatically became a free nation, and the manner in which it chose its new government was as beautiful an example of self-determination as could be imagined. The new government was chosen by the free Poles in Poland at an open meeting at which all of the many political parties were represented.

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The proceedings were orderly and the acts spontaneous. The man chosen, General Pilsudski, has a clean record for disinterested service in behalf of Poland, and until the arrival of Paderewski the new government was unanimously and enthusiastically supported by practically the entire population of Poland.

It would seem even without President Wilson's statements regarding nations freed from autocratic control that factional strife should have been suspended until after the Polish elections of January 26th settled the question of individual or partisan supremacy. However the reactionary elements in the British and French governments decreed otherwise. In sending to Poland on a British cruiser a member of the discredited and denounced Paris committee—which the world now knows is monarchical, representative of conservative economic interests, and largely anti-semitic—and to support that member in attempts to seize an orderly and self-determined government, the Allied governments have the stage fully set for an outbreak of Bolshevism of the most virulent type. The Poles have announced publicly that they want nothing to do with that Paris Committee, and they do want to be free from the external autocratic interference which it typically embodies. Considering the pressure brought to bear Pilsudski handled the situation with tact and ability, and yielded to a coalition only when forced by threats from the French government that would have excluded Poland from the peace table.

But Pilsudski and the free Poles have not the resources to counteract the great forces of diplomatic intrigue which the imperialistic governments use with masterly skill. These forces, now in full operation, can be unmistakably recognized in the propaganda to place Paderewski and oust Pilsudski without the consent of the people most concerned. From the propaganda we learn that Paderewski is plentifully supplied with money and merely wishes to form a coalition government truly representative of the people. But a more accurate knowledge of the familiar tactics of the imperialists enables one to recognize in the propaganda the time-worn methods with which they always start their play for the big stakes of state, political and capitalistic swag. No one can predict the outcome, but it is safe to say that when we force a nation newly awakened to the delights of freedom after centuries of foreign oppression, the dangers of Bolshevism are imminent. The Polish situation seems symbolic of what President Wilson, and therefore all mankind, will suffer unless the liberal and enlightened opinion of the world makes itself heard and heeded now at the Peace Conference.

ALBERT C. BARNES.

Billy and the World War

BILLY, my nephew, is twelve years old. With the possible exception of the beef profiteers and a few super-patriots to whom life has been a prolonged Fourth of July oration, no one has got quite so much fun out of the war as Billy and his inseparable companions, Fritters, George and Bean-Pole Ross.

Clad in the khaki uniform of the Boy Scouts, with United War Campaign, Red Cross, War Saving, first, second, third and fourth Liberty Loan buttons, small American flags and service pins spread across their chests, they have lived the war from morning until night. I did not understand Billy's passionate allegiance to the Scout uniform until I discovered the great game of hailing automobiles bearing the sign, "Men in Uniform Welcome." Billy has never been willing to accompany his family on automobile rides but the pleasure of this boulevard game has been never ending.

They call the suburb in which Billy lives one hundred per cent patriotic. Everybody is in war work. Even the children under five years have an organization known as The Khaki Babes. These infants in uniform assemble, kindergarten fashion and solemnly snip for the Red Cross. Billy's crowd is indefatigable in its labors. With the other Scouts, the boys usher at meetings, assist in parades, deliver bundles and run errands. They are tireless collectors of nut shells, peach pits and tinsel paper. As Victory Boys they are pledged to earn five dollars for the United War Workers. Since most of them expect to do this shovelling snow they are praying for a severe winter.

One bit of voluntary war work was carried on through the period of the gasolineless Sundays when the four boys took positions on Commonwealth Avenue in such a way as to obstruct passing vehicles. If a car did not carry a doctor's or military sign, they threw pebbles and yelled "O you Slacker!" It was exciting work because guilty drivers put on full speed ahead and Billy admitted that he was almost run over, but he added that the cause was worth it.

In my school days, history was a rather dull subject. Perhaps this was not a necessity but our teachers made it a certainty. Looking back, I seem to recall chiefly lists of battles, dates, kings and presidents. Wars were as unreal as pictorial combats with painted soldiers and stationary war ships. Even the Civil War belonged to historical fiction. Once a year, on the 30th of May, a veteran in navy blue came to school and in a quavering voice told stories of his war days. Thrilling as they might have been, they always seemed to lack reality; they belonged with the monuments and

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historical tablets that flourish around Boston. As for current events, I think they were taboo in our school. We may have connected ourselves with politics by seeing an occasional torch-light parade but it is my impression that we never discussed anything that happened after 1865.

It is not so with Billy. Modern history is unfolding to him as a great drama. Kings and tsars and presidents are live human beings. War has nothing to do with books. It is a perpetual moving picture with reels furnished twice a day by the newspapers. Geography has also come out of the text-book. In our day, we recited boundaries, principal cities, rivers, mountains and exports. Germany was a big yellow patch on the map, France was pink, Russia purple, Italy green and the British Isles were blue. It did not occur to us that they were peopled by human beings like ourselves. When we read stories of other lands, we did not connect Dutch, Italian, French and Russian children with the colored patches on the map.

To Billy and his chums, geography is in the making. They know what boundaries mean; they pore over war maps and glibly recite the positions of the Allied troops. Billy has a familiarity with principal cities, rivers and towns that never could have been learned in lesson form. The war has created a new cosmopolitanism. The children of Billy's generation will never have the provincial idea that Boston is the centre of the world. They will see the universe as a great circle, perhaps, but all the Allies will occupy the centre.

I must confess, however, that Billy, Fritters, George and Bean-Pole Ross have a rather vague idea of what the war is about, but then so do others with more years to their credit. I asked Billy what caused the war originally, and he replied in a rather large and lofty way, "You see, the French took Alsace and Lorraine away from the Germans a long time ago, and Germany wanted it back. She thought it would be nice to get hold of Paris, too, and conquer the French people, then they would have to pay taxes and indemnities to support Germany. So they started to march to Paris and then all the other countries decided to stop them."

When I compare the anemic stereopticon travel talks of my school days with Billy's moving picture shows, I have the sense of a cheated childhood. We had nothing in our young lives like Crashing Through to Berlin, The Hounds of Hunland, Wolves of Kultur and the Brass Bullet. Billy's mental images have been built by such pictures as these with the additional and more educational films of the Committee on Public Information and the Pathé weekly where actual battle scenes, aeroplane conflicts and real naval encounters are portrayed.

In the matter of books, too, Billy has had high revel. I sowed a few wild oats with Oliver Optic and Horatio Alger wherein poor lads were conducted from prairie huts to the Executive mansion. Of course we had Scott and Cooper to make medieval times and Indian days vivid. But think of reading Over the Top and going to shake hands with the author, a live, red-blooded officer in the army! Billy revels in Private Peat, Hunting the Hun, Out of the Jaws of Hunland, From Base Ball to Boches and With the Flying Corps. I'm afraid he will never have a Walter Scott period and I am sure it will be years before contemplative literature can hold his attention.

Of course, the war has given us all an enlarged vocabulary. Billy calls his school "the trench"; he and Fritters go "over the top," "carry on," play in dug-outs, move in units, carry kits, eat mess and have elaborate systems of wig-wagging and passwords. When he is unsuccessful in a parental encounter, Billy throws up his hands and cries "I surrender!" Hun, Boche and Bolshevik are terms of terrible opprobrium. There was a bloody fist fight at recess recently, when Henry Earl was called "O you Kaiser!" The mere suggestion of a German name brings forth expressions of loud disgust and none of the boys would use a toy made in Germany.

At present it is in fashion to collect war posters. Billy has a remarkable collection of Food, Red Cross, Marine, War Savings, Navy and United War Work Campaign posters. He has trudged miles and spent much ingenuity in getting them. His room is papered with them and it is a matter of deep regret that the family is unwilling to have the entire house so placarded. A thriving business goes on in poster trading and a steady stream of small boys passes the house carrying large rolls of posters. From Billy's room, after a visitation, come delighted exclamations, "Gee! what a bute!" "Say, I'll give you a Join the Gas Hounds for a Beat Back the Huns." "Fritters has two Teufelhunden and he's going to swap it for a Clear the Way and a Tell That to the Marines."

Billy came to me with an ethical problem connected with his poster campaign. "I've got," he declared, "Five Joan of Arcs, three Must Children Starves, five Blot it Outs, a Britisher and a big Y. I can sell them and make lots of money. Would that be profiteering?" I thought it might be so considered by tax-payers. "Well," he demanded, "If I sell them and buy Thrift Stamps that would be profiteering to help the war, and that would be all right, wouldn't it?"

When a campaign is on, the boys find it hard to wait until the posters have done their work as propaganda. Sometimes a lucky boy gets a whole new

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set. Recently, there has been much buying and selling of addresses where posters may be obtained, five cents for a plain address, ten for a "guaranteed." I mailed a postal card for Billy addressed to the Secretary of the Navy which read, "Kindly send me a full set of your Marine and Navy posters. I will display them if you wish." Billy's collection numbers about two hundred but he knows boys who have a thousand posters. As evidence of his great delight in them, he made the following statement: "If the last comes to the last, and we couldn't get coal and we had to burn all the furniture, I'd give up one set of my duplicates, but only if the last comes to the last."

Billy is a kind-hearted lad with humane instincts toward all creatures except flies. He feels, however, that the Kaiser can neither claim the protection of the S. P. C. A. nor demand the consideration usually afforded a human being. He loves to tell what he would do to the Kaiser. It is a matter of bitter disappointment that Mr. Hohenzollern is in Holland instead of in Billy's hands. At breakfast he issues bulletins of carnage. Some days he plans simple tortures like beheading, skinning, hanging, burning. At other times, he concocts a more elaborate scheme such as splitting open the Kaiser's arms and putting salt on the wound, cutting his legs off at the knee and hanging his feet around his neck, or gouging out his eyes. A favorite idea is that of inoculating him with the germs of all the diseases in the world, or to starve him for months and then eat a big Thanksgiving dinner in his presence.

Billy has had a full course in atrocities and is keen for reprisals. He longs to fly with an aviation unit, dropping bombs on Berlin, he aches to destroy a few cathedrals and palaces, burn all the German villages and poison the reservoirs. His description of what he would do to the Huns makes the Allied armistice sound like a presentation speech with a bunch of laurel.

There is a marked absence of patriotic sentiment with Billy and his chums. To them, patriotism is action; they do not enjoy talking about it. When a Liberty Loan orator gushes about the starry banner, they roll their eyes expressively and murmur, "Cut it out." Of course, some of this is the self-conscious stoicism of the small boy. But there is a matter of fact attitude toward suffering and pain which is new and due to familiarity with the idea. Boys discuss the kinds of wounds, operations and war accidents as a group of medical students might refer to a clinic.

Death seems to give them no sense of mystery and awe. "Gee! a thousand killed today," "That Ace has got his," "Say, John Bowers was gassed and he's gone now." They look over the casualty lists as grown-ups might read lists of guests at a reception. It may be because youth cannot understand the tragedy and heart-ache back of the golden stars on the service flags, but I think it goes deeper than that. These boys have a sense of courage and gallantry that makes the risking of life an everyday affair. Self-sacrifice is not a matter of poems and sermons and history, it is the daily news. Billy's attitude is that going to war is part of the game; when you're a little boy you have to go to school, when you're older, you draw your number and are called to camp—it's all in the day's work.

The weakest spot in Billy's war programme is food conservation. He does not readily respond to the sacrifice of sugar. At the first news of peace he brightened up with the query, "Now can we have frosting again and will chocolate sundaes be ten cents?" He did not come up to the plan of voluntary rationing at all; he was willing to do any amount of war work, he said, but he must have something to do it on. His mother told a pitiful tale of hungry boys in Belgium and what a small sacrifice on his part would do for them. Billy listened patiently, but unmoved. "Don't you care at all how dreadfully they need food?" she asked. "I'm sorry for them, Mother, of course," he replied, "But, Gee! that's their tough luck."

At five o'clock on the morning of November 11th when the bells and whistles were sounding news of the armistice Billy stole out to meet Fritters, George and Bean-Pole Ross. He left a note pinned to his pillow, "Will be back by and by. Can't help being patriotic and I must make a noise."

FLORENCE WOOLSTON.

Bundles

IS a baby a bundle?

The question is more important than it sounds, for upon the answer rests the right of officers of the United States Army to carry their own offspring (singular or plural).

Officers must not carry bundles. It is against the customs of the service. It is tabooed in the army. It might be considered as a flagrant breach of those rules and manners that have grown up in the old regular establishment for the purpose of hedging about that sacred entity, the officer and gentlemen, with restrictions that would in any way offend against the dignity of his position.

Now bread, though the staff of life, is a bundle; meat constitutes a bundle, no matter how cleverly it is disguised; as for vegetables—the succulent beet and the lowly but complexion building carrot—the very meanness of their station in life precludes even

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the thought that an officer and a gentleman should be so defiled as to carry them.

The officer and gentleman is permitted to go to market with his wife; he may even go shopping with her; but he must not so far forget himself, when in uniform all dressed up in his boots and spurs, as to relieve the wife of the market basket and make her journey home the easier. It is beneath his dignity to carry the basket, but not beneath his dignity for him to allow her to do so. He has a standing to maintain, and must live up to the obligation of his station. True, the wife carries the load—but that is another matter.

Now is a baby a bundle? You see at once the deep significance of the question. If a baby is a bundle, the officer-father must not carry him. If not a bundle, he may avail himself of this privilege of parenthood and march down the street with his first born, proud in the consciousness that he is fulfilling his parental obligation on the one hand and, on the other, that he is not permitting his dignity to be compromised, or causing his self-respect to take a slump.

Of course, granted that a baby is not a bundle, the officer-father must carry said child in his left arm. Even babies, although given a status superior to bundles—a status, say of swagger sticks—must not interfere with the salute.

So far as I know there has never been any official ruling on this particular question. Doubtless there is some hesitancy about putting the question to the test. So long as the point is undecided, it is not officially wrong. Better to let sleeping dogs lie. At least it may be assumed that the wives and infants of the officers would lend their voices to perpetuate the status quo, rightly shuddering at the possible consequences of a request for a formal opinion.

As a matter of fact the wives of the army officers are apt to be troublesome anyhow, particularly the wives of the temporary officers, not members of the regular establishment. They cling to the absurd idea that the particular officers that belong to them are husbands primarily and officers secondarily; that these husbands as such are to be of some real help. Some of them go to the ridiculous length of insisting that, at times (on Sunday nights with the maid gone) the kitchen apron should be placed around the ceremonial officer costume, and the officer surrounded thereby should wipe the dishes. At least there are under-current rumors to that effect: it would be difficult, however, to give a concrete case, with names and dates, of such an untoward proceeding.

After you realize fully the difficulties involved in the original question, you will sense somewhat the utter hopelessness of the next question: Granted, for the sake of argument, that babies are bundles, and do not have the dignity of the swagger stick. May an officer, in that event, condescend to push a baby carriage? Or is that another tender parental privilege denied him? Would that be degrading?

If so construed, the answer to the third of our questions is crystal clear. If an officer may not carry the baby, nor push the go-cart down the Avenue of the Presidents in Washington, certainly he is estopped from that intimate rite most delicately expressed as "changing" the baby. To that certainly he cannot stoop. True it is done for the most part within the confines of the home, away from the eyes of the crowd. But none would deny that this were a menial task. And officers do not do menial tasks.

Far be it from me to intimate that the officers of the old regular establishment are not chivalrous in their attitude toward women and the social conventions generally. They pay punctiliously their regular routine of calls—these are all prescribed in that bible of the army, known as Army Regulations. No officer worthy of the name would allow a woman (white woman, anyhow) to stand in a crowded street car. Nor would he remain seated whenever a woman is standing. He would bob up and down like the proverbial jack-in-the-box as women passed in and out of the room, no matter how much that distressed the particular women in question. At any function, these same officers will raise their glasses high and give a rousing toast to "The Ladies!" They will joust for them and fight for them—

But they won't work for them and with them. They will pay all of the lip homage, but they must not carry their bundles. It is chivalry, but chivalry of the medieval kind. The army institution is fixed and rigid and of the inelastic type; precedent controls, and the long arms of dead knights still impose the old ceremonials—ceremonials that have to do with the trappings, but not with the realities underneath. And the old establishment is heavy and clumsy and cumbersome, mentally and physically, and those that compose it have entirely lost their perspective—they cannot see how funny they are.

It must be said that there are exceptions—forward looking officers of the regular establishment, who are in touch with the times, and who struggle to modernize the spirit and constructive activities of the army. Some of them, by sheer force of personality and persistence, do work an overturning, now and then. But many of them are only laughed at for their pains, and their position in the army is anomalous and painful.

Nor can it be said that the officers of the regular establishment are shirkers in their profession.

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The common impression is that the regular army officer in peace times is only a charming loafer—the playboy of the American world. Nothing could be further from the truth. He works at his profession, and works hard. He goes to staff and line schools, keeps up with modern thought in strategy and tactics and lives his profession. If he does not keep up, retired he is into outer darkness, a man of limited experience, of middle age, and with only one year's pay between him and the financial rocks.

But take them outside their professional activities, and, generally speaking, the world has long since passed them by. And, in a way, many of the higher officers realize that. During the past emergency they have called into their departments experts from civil life. These experts have acted as some sort of leaven and their influence is felt throughout the army, more particularly in the staff departments. But the war ended too soon for the leaven fully to work. These expert civilians were not in long enough to orient themselves. Instead of swallowing the army, the army almost swallowed them, before they got squared around. Being new to the army and its customs, their first concern was to learn how to play the game according to the army rules, which were new to them. They were necessarily the pupils and the regular army officers the teachers. In time they would have recovered their balance, grounded themselves on their civilian knowledge and gradually assumed the role of teacher. But the war ended before they learned the mechanism and means whereby they could make themselves felt. On November 11, 1918, they were yet the pupils.

Yet some influence was of course effective. No matter how cowed these civilian experts were by army formalism and ritualism, the bare fact that they outnumbered the regular army officers was not without its influence. It cannot be said that the regular establishment emerging from the war is the one that went in. Some temporary officers insisted on carrying bundles, babies and carrots and continued to wipe the dishes on occasion. Swagger-sticks were not thrust upon all of them. Some remembrance and harking back to commonsense civilian conditions persisted. And the army is the better off.

In fact, in some lines, collateral to the army as a purely military institution, civilian influence has worked real innovations. There is now attached to the army an entire group of the morale-building activities, centered under Brigadier-General Munsen of the General Staff. Walter Dill Scott has made his impression in his personnel work of classifying the soldiers and officers in the army and rating the qualifications of the officers on a scientific rather than a personal basis. Statistical information is being compiled that was never compiled before. And the reclamation service is itself to be of value.

But this progress no more than touched the heart of the military institution itself. The civilian influence was on the rise and was in a fair way of remodeling the army from the inside out. As the war went on and the civilians became more acclimated to the methods of approach in the army, they were becoming surer of their position and more insistent upon their leavening demands. Another year of war would have seen them in the saddle. And while no one would have wished the continuance of the agony of war in order that the spirit of the army could be brought in touch and tune with modern thought and conditions, yet that would have been a compensation had the war gone on.

Nor can it be asserted with definiteness that all of the progress already made will be lost entirely. So long as the regular establishment keeps hold of its Keppels, its Wigmores, its Wambaughs, its Scotts, and it shows no present disposition of allowing them to leave, just so long will there be the hope that this expert civilian influence (call it academic if you cannot find any other charge against it) will increase its growing effectiveness.

Shut In

Footsteps

They pass so close—the people in the street—
Foot-fall, foot-fall;
I know them from their footsteps' pulsing beat—
Foot-fall, foot-fall;
The tripping, lingering and the heavy feet;
I hear them call:

I am the dance of youth, and life is fair!
Foot-fall, foot-fall;
I am a dream, divinely unaware!
Foot-fall, foot-fall;
I am the burden of an old despair!
Foot-fall . . . .

June Night

Into my room tonight came June;
A band of stars caught up her hair,
And woven of the mist of moon,
And patterned from the leaf-laced air,
Her garments spread a soft perfume
Over the shadows of my room.

But hardly had her coming stirred
My darkness with a hope like dawn,
Or had my anxious silence heard
Her faint foot-fall, than she was gone.
She went as though with a quick fear
Of the eternal winter here.

HAZEL HALL.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Inquisition in Our Public Schools

SIR: May I add a supplementary foot-note to the illuminating article by Alvin Johnson in the issue of January 11? The cases which I shall report reveal the existence in our school system of a spirit and a practice the very antithesis of the democratic modus operandi. The situation was graphically alluded to last spring as an intellectual reign of terror. Its victims understand the truthfulness of the characterization.

Miss Fannie Ross, a teacher in P. S. 93, Queens, was found "guilty" of "tactless utterances" in connection with her voluntary services as worker for the state census, and by a divided vote of 3-3 was recommended for suspension without pay for a period of six months. Three members of the committee were for dismissal, three were opposed; consequently, the committee compromised and agreed to the penalty of suspension. When Miss Ross returned in June she was peremptorily dismissed.

Miss Isabel Davenport, a teacher of psychology at the N. Y. Teachers' Training School, was so mercilessly "interviewed" by Dr. Tildsley and his co-inquisitors at three different sessions last winter that as a result she collapsed from nervous fatigue in her class room and was out on sick leave for a goodly portion of the spring term. As soon as she returned, she was welcomed by her principal, Dr. Hugo Newman, with the knowledge that henceforth she must prepare herself for transfer to a high school. She was declared to be a teacher "in excess." Miss Davenport has been one of the most eminent teachers in our public schools for over twenty years. She has been deprived of classes and is waiting patiently—to be pensioned? Miss Davenport's "loyalty" was suspected because she had had the temerity to question the wisdom of "unquestioning obedience" to constituted authority! And this in George Washington's America!

The case of Phil Perlstein is the most incredible of all. In the summer of 1917 Mr. Perlstein was called to the Draft Board as a conscript. He was unable to appear because of serious illness. He was called for, examined, found to be in a rather bad nervous state, ordered removed to a hospital; from thence, after a few days, to Camp Upton. At the end of four months Mr. Perlstein was honorably discharged as physically unfit. In the early part of January he returned to his school (P. S. 62, Man.). Within two days he was transferred by his district superintendent, Mr. Kidd. Within less than a week he was suspended on the blanket charge of "conduct unbecoming a teacher." Specific charges were to be handed to Mr. Perlstein within a few days. January-February-March-April-May-June-Vacation—all the empty months passed by and no charges were filed or presented. Be it carefully borne in mind that during this long period Mr. Perlstein was being (legally) deprived of his salary. On January 23 at P. S. 62, in a private office where were assembled Messrs. Ettinger, Kidd, Grady, Tildsley, and Principal Brodie, a desperate attempt was made to wring from twenty-four interviewed teachers some fragments that might be construed as damaging to the patriotism of Mr. Perlstein. The unexpected publication in the "Times" of January 24 of this inquisitorial chamber-process brought a sudden halt to the whole enterprise. . . . No charges have even been brought against Mr. Perlstein! It was recently announced in the "Globe" (School Page) that Mr. Perlstein would be reinstated, the "charges" dropped, provided he agreed not to lay claim to back pay. Mr. Perlstein subsequently re-entered the Army, where he is at present serving.

The case of Miss Mary S. McDowell, the Quakeress, is not without its deep meaning to lovers of democracy. The startling aspect of her trial lay in the utterly unprecedented behavior of the trial-judge, Vice-President Wilsey, who openly violated fair judicial procedure by sanctioning the request of Mr. S. Stanwood Menken, an unrelated biased outsider, who insisted upon making a speech against the teacher-defendant, in behalf of the public welfare of course. A pretty precedent for the undoing of the liberties of the humble teacher! Is it not incredible that an admittedly excellent teacher (of Latin) of twelve years standing, whose religious creed has been for generations recognized by our Government as deserving special treatment in wartime, shall be subjected to the humiliation and palpable injustice of dismissal by a group of four men who happen to disagree with their own national Government? As the Evening Post wrote: "The announcement that all Quaker teachers are to be driven from the school system of Greater New York takes us right back to the middle of the seventeenth century. When William Penn was expelled from Oxford, "banished," he was both whipped and beaten. Surely, we shall not lag behind our ancestors?"

It may be worth while knowing that under the revised Education Law (June, 1917), a teacher may be dismissed "for cause" after a hearing "by the affirmative vote of a majority of the new Board" (i. e., four members). The recent dismissal of the three Clinton teachers affords ample evidence to show that under the new interpretation the concept "cause" may connote anything from mere flimsy whim to deep-dyed race-prejudice. Henceforth, a teacher is eligible for dismissal if his state of mind is deemed by his official superiors to be reprehensible: the charge against him will be "conduct unbecoming a teacher," and he will be ousted "for cause."

It is not a calamity-howler who calls to the liberal citizenry to awake to the insidious peril of a soul-quenching bureaucracy continuing to lord it over the weaponless teacher-body. The school situation is in a very bad way indeed. There is a menacing cynicism among the pedagogues that presages small hope for the achievement of those democratic values indispensable to the creation of the New Age. How to secure for the average teacher all necessary guarantees of fair pay, fair play, and trial by a jury of his peers—that is the question of immediate importance.

S. DANIEL HOUSE.

Demos the Despot

SIR: The prohibition amendment to the Federal Constitution is about to be adopted. It remains for us who dissent to say so, if we choose, and it looks as if there is nothing else to do.

As for me, if the files of the New Republic should be consulted five hundred years from now, I hope my name will attract interested eyes as one who took the pains to record his contempt of the party and the men who turned a republic into a Dowie-theocracy.

The ignorance, the littleness, the fanaticism, the twisted intelligence of the prohibitionists is beyond any possible combination of words used for description or denunciation.

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It is not conceivable that any of them, however well known in this day, can escape the loathing of time. It is to be noted as a laughable irony that the South, which went to war, tried to break up the Union in order to preserve the glorious principles of local self-government as applied to the practice of keeping the negro in slavery, is the very South that has been so great an influence imperilling the Republic. First they wanted to keep the negro in slavery, and then they wanted to deprive him of booze. Ham has done the trick for us!

I would wither up this crowd with satire if it could be done. You might as well recite Aristophanes to an ox. These prohibitionists belong to the crowd who were glad that a federal judge decided that Cyrano de Bergerac was plagiarized from the Merchant Prince of Cornville, a lunatic fantasy written by a Chicago real estate dealer. All Europe laughed, but America, by a legal decision, obtained the great prize of originating Cyrano. So I say, there is no use in satire.

I make my record briefly in this way: The right to eat, drink, think, speak, write, does not come from the state. These are rights which Louis the Fourteenth and others limited or destroyed. This Republic was set up to protect these rights and did not assume to grant them. They were regarded by the founders of the Republic as rights which inhere in life itself. But what is the difference between Demos and Louis XIV? If the majority can make any law, what have we gained by setting up a Republic and getting rid of a Louis XIV? Here is the twist that these silly obscurantists give to the principles of democracy: Whatever the majority decides, is right and legal. So it is that a constitutional amendment would be valid creating a state religion, or granting titles of nobility, or restoring the feudal system, or giving the president a life term, or bringing back negro slavery, or other slavery—anything, in short, that has a majority back of it is right and can be done. All you need is a constitutional amendment. You don't even need a majority of the people; for the vote of Nevada is one, and the vote of New York is one, and no more. Two hundred thousand people count for as much as ten million on a question of diet, religion, or anything else, through the trick of a constitutional amendment. I am in favor of abolishing the Constitution—the whole thing. An English constituent assembly that can make a law and take it back has our system beat a mile—proven by experience. England could try prohibition by act of parliament and then repeal the act. It will take thirty-six states with Nevada, New Mexico, Rhode Island, counting as much as New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, to get rid of this constitutional amendment.

The precedent is fixed. There will be other fanatics in the course of time who will want some particular despotic power. Will they get it? Why not ?

James Stephens, writing of a barmaid, imprecates in language that I invoke against this crowd, but do not quote. Look it up.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS.

Chicago.

Y. M. C. A. Exclusions

SIR: The article by Mr. McAfee in your issue of December 21 does full justice to the service of the Young Men's Christian Association in the Great War. While there are criticisms enough aimed at alleged incompetency and selfishness, I suppose that these are not more justified than the criticisms of many other attempts to work on a basis of utter unpreparedness. It is ungracious to repeat them at this juncture.

But if attempts must be made to assess the value of the efforts of all the various organizations that have gathered for the support of the Government and the armies of the United States, it should be said, in justice to some of the others, which had to join nameless in the great "drive" of November, 1918, that much money and much labor and much zeal which stand before the world as to the credit of the Young Men's Christian Association, do so stand because it was "give through this organization or not at all," and many individuals and small societies, some of them in times of peace treated by the Y. M. C. A. as objects of missionary effort, subdued their pride and operated through the Christian Association.

Mr. McAfee is right in pointing out the sectarian character of the Christian Associations, but he does not realize the extent of this sectarianism. He seems to feel that the exclusion of Jews by the epithet "Christian" is its chief manifestation. In fact the Young Men's Christian Association has no right to any title but Young Men's Evangelical Christian Association, though it is not generally known, not even by some of the most ardent supporters of the Association, that it excludes Catholics, Unitarians, Universalists and Christian Scientists from active membership. And the undemocratic nature of the organization, pointed out by Mr. McAfee, is shown most effectively in the method by which this sectarian test was imposed upon the Association so that the large tolerant element in the National Conferences find it almost impossible to alter or remove it. The provision was adopted at Detroit, in 1868, and immediately after its adoption a rule was forced through declaring that henceforth amendments to the Constitution could not be received from the floor of the convention, but could come before the Conference only through a committee on rules appointed by the President.

The remedy for this lies in the resumption by local Associations of their original right, which they never delegated to the National Conference, to determine for themselves the basis of membership. Most of them are more tolerant, more liberal than the so-called Detroit and Portland basis makes them appear.

Stanford University. W. H. CARRUTH.

Food and the Export Lists

SIR: I used to think that the meanest man born was the one who, when asked for bread would give a stone. But I was wrong. And the Sermon on the Mount was wrong. The War Trade Board has set a much higher standard.

Holland and Scandinavia ask for food. The War Trade Board answers in the Official United States Bulletin of January 3 that export licenses will now be issued freely for shipping a long list of articles to Holland or Scandinavia. Is wheat, or flour, or beef, or beans on the list? No, instead, false teeth and dental fillings, tooth brushes and cosmetics, hairnets of silk or hair, jewelry, real or imitation, feathers and walking sticks. All the personal adornments needed for the opera and for supper later are on the list, but no food products except pork and salt, and truffles. I'm sure the false teeth and dental fillings will be glad the truffles—fresh or preserved—were not forgotten.

STANTON COIT KELTON.

St. Davids, Pa.

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Books and Things

WHAT they were saying not only did not interest me, but at first I was lucky enough not to hear it. How did I know that the unheard and the uninteresting were identical? In just the way that we all know this sort of thing, by self-protective intuition. Withdrawn, intent, I sat in a far corner of the room, trying to put into verse my gratitude for the return of F. P. A. The poem, as I began to descry it through the mists in my mind, was to be light, firm, easy, a little gay, more than a little felicitous. It was to be a whimsical expression of a serious and real gratitude. Cyril, Mr. Pepys, Horace, The Complete Slangler, The Great Divide—to these and other sources of joy I intended to make the happiest reference or allusion. Below the smiling surface a not necessarily discerning reader would perceive the truth, namely, that a world in which I could be sure of finding F. P. A. in the New York Tribune was a world which began well, fresh every twenty-four hours. Such an opening of every day made me better able to "stand up and take the morning." Yes, the vision was all there. Nothing was absent but the faculty divine. It remained absent, refusing every invitation to approach. Nothing came my way but a lost line for my sestet, in which, after pretending not to know what F. P. A. had been doing all these months, I concluded that he might have been increasing the public stock of pleasure in France,

Or answering Cyril's challenge, Whom goes there?

This would never do. No use writing a poem at all if I couldn't make it better than that. My impotent mind began to wander, my ear unwillingly to hear what they were saying at the other end of the room. Futile talk. "He may be alive at this moment," somebody was droning, "he may be a sharp-eyed child, looking curiously down from an upper window in Berlin, wondering to what end men are shooting one another in the streets. Even persons who have sworn not to read any more German will admit that we are more likely to find among the vanquished than among the victors a historian capable of expressing tragic feeling. They will buy the book this German boy may write, if he write it greatly."

Somebody else objected that the great historian of the great war would probably be further from the events than this German youngster. The first speaker didn't see why. "Why shouldn't our coming historian be almost as near the great war," he asked, "as Thucydides was to the Syracusan expedition?" By a lucky chance Jowett was visible on the shelves, almost within reach. I found the passage. "In Thucydides," said I, raising my voice, "in the words he makes the Lacedaemonian Gylippus speak to the defenders of Syracuse, your historian may find a motto for his great work. Listen." And I read the passage: "We should remember in the first place that men are doing a most lawful act when they take vengeance upon an enemy and an aggressor, and that they have a right to satiate their heart's animosity."

The quotation did not prosper. It sank at once to the bottom of that flowing stream of talk, which went on and on. "Perhaps the youngest of us," somebody remarked, "will fall a few centuries short of living late enough to read the great history of the great war. Its author may be born in twenty-four hundred and something, A. D., in China, somewhere near the Western Lake. Or he may see the light, what there is of it, among the mists of Berufjöror, in Iceland, then the intellectual centre of the civilized world, though at present known to most of us only as an island where the earthquakes are many, the trees short, the barometer singularly infirm. Or perhaps," the speaker went on without mercy, "our great historian may prove to be a dark lady of quality, an African, living in her country house on the steep cliffs above Lake Rukwa, if any lake be there at that remote time. She may treat the great war as an episode. She may compress it, with a concise lucidity which certain critics will praise, into the introductory volume of her History of the African Colonization of Europe." This speaker broke up the company, which scattered before he had finished, although not before some one had spoken the words my nerves most dreaded, had made the inevitable remark about the Gibbon of the future, author of The Collapse and Crash of the German Empire.

When I was safely removed from that luncheon, and at home again, I was surprised to find myself taking up Gibbon. Not The Decline and Fall, but his Autobiography. I read a little, then a little more, and before long had gone through the whole short book. Yes, it was as funny as ever. But what struck me most, this time, was the sincerity of the passages we have always thought funny, especially of the passages in which Gibbon reveals his feelings when his relatives died. "They died so young," he says of his five small brothers and of his only sister, remembered as an "amiable infant," and "I was myself so young at the time of their deaths, that I could not then feel, nor can I now estimate their loss, the importance of which could only have been ascertained by future contingencies. The shares of fortune to which younger children are reduced by our English laws would have been sufficient, however, to oppress my inheritance, and the compensation of their friendship must have depended on the uncertain event of character and conduct, on the affinity or opposition of our reciprocal sentiments." Had this loss been delayed until Gibbon was old enough to estimate it, and had he rated it high, there is reason to believe he would not have felt it too strongly. "A Count Arcout has just left us," he writes to Lord Sheffield from Lausanne, "who possessed ten thousand a year in the island of St. Domingo; he is utterly burnt and ruined; and a brother, whom he tenderly loved, has been murdered by the negroes. These are real misfortunes."

On reflection, however, I rather think this passage should be crossed off the reckoning, for the restraint with which Gibbon speaks of a tenderly loved brother's murder is not greater than his restraint in speaking of the loss of ten thousand a year. Nor ought we to lay stress on what he says of his mother's death, for she died when he was only ten, and he had seen very little of her for several years: "As I had seldom enjoyed the smiles of maternal tenderness, she was the object of my respect rather than of my love; some natural tears were soon wiped." No, it is only when he speaks of his father's death, to which he had looked forward as an event which would increase his "narrow allowance," and also as "an event which I sincerely deprecated," that Gibbon lets us get nearest his feeling about the pains and pleasures of losing a parent and gaining money. "His death was the only event that could have saved me from a life of obscurity and indigence; and yet I can declare to my own heart that, on such terms, I never wished for a deliverance." So he writes in one draft of the Autobiography. In another he treats his father's death more at large: "The tears of a son are seldom lasting. I submitted to the order of nature; and my grief was soothed by the conscious satisfaction that I had discharged all the duties of filial piety. Few, perhaps, are the children who, after the expiration of some months or years,

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would sincerely rejoice in the resurrection of their parents; and it is a melancholy truth, that my father's death, not unhappy for himself, was the only event that could save me from an hopeless life of obscurity and indigence."

No one, I suppose, reads these bits of the Autobiography without smiling. Yet day by day, as the number increases of readers who have at least heard of "ambivalence," the number of those who are merely amused by candor grows less and less. If I still chuckle, unamiably, over Gibbon on himself, my feeling is not so pure a sense of superiority as it must have been twenty or thirty years ago. There is something respectable in his self-revelation, something that the author of The Way of All Flesh would have respected. It is not so much Gibbon's candor that continues to divert us as it is the stateliness of his candor, the pomp of his self-complacency, the drapery, the long folds, in which the plush of his egotism arranges itself. These qualities set us at a little distance from him, give us the agreeable illusion that we are not like that, keep us from asking whether we are as capable of ordered industry and steady friendship, or anywhere near as incapable of envy.

P. L.

After the Play

FEW of us can recall the plays written in English during the years which ended with the eighties in the last century. Excepting the early Pinero farces they are not, most of us believe, worth recalling. But some of us can remember the sudden change which surprised and excited us—when? Opinions differ as to the date. It was in 1889 that Pinero gave us The Profligate, and 1889 was also the year of The Middleman, which was followed in 1890 by Judah, Henry Arthur Jones's first two plays of any importance. The first performance of Oscar Wilde's contemporary prose plays took place within three years, beginning with Lady Windermere's Fan in 1892, and ending in 1895 with The Importance of Being Earnest. These considerable events were far from passing unnoticed. Even the London Spectator, which was not especially quick to know a new talent at their first meeting, saw at once and declared the enormous difference between the usual stage thing and Lady Windermere. Hopes beat hard in many discouraged bosoms when The Profligate was given. It might and did have this, that or the other fault, but at least it was a promise, a sign of better days to come for the theatre. Perhaps 1889 or 1892 is the date we are after? Perhaps, yet my guess would be 1893. Most recollectors, I fancy, would say that The Second Mrs. Tanqueray was the play which gave them the feeling that a new era had begun for plays written in English.

These hopes were not disappointed. They have been splendidly fulfilled. Since the seventeenth century the English theatre has never been better than in the last thirty years. Were I more familiar with dramatic literature I should say boldly that in no other thirty year period, since the seventeenth century, has it been near so good. Three names stand out above the rest—Shaw, Barrie and Synge. In Mr. Shaw's hands an English play is a weapon of attack upon English life and English illusion. It is an attack that is at once serious and brilliant and infinitely entertaining. Taken together his plays are a coherent force of fighting ideas. Nothing like them had been heard before on the English or any other stage. Less important to one's mental life, but not less important to one's pleasure, is Sir James Barrie at his best. He has no new ideas, he has not many ideas of any kind, ideas are not his affair, but he has a whimsical inventiveness, a kindly grace, a humorous sentiment that I, for one, do not believe the world will willingly let die. In The Admirable Crichton, one of his best, he uses an old idea so as to make us see, as few of us could see for ourselves, one of the queerest oddities of a fixed social order. With Synge the glory of words, and of words arranged so as to fall upon the ear in cadence after cadence of living beauty, was restored to the English stage.

Quite as remarkable, in its way, as the sudden appearance of particular gifted dramatists, has been the improvement, even among secondary men, of workmanship. Since the early nineties men of brains have discovered that even if he have brains a man may learn to write for the stage, that if he have social criticism to make the theatre is a good place from which to make it. Life and the stage are much nearer than they were in the sixties and seventies and eighties, and for this desirable rapprochement it is to the stage that most of the credit should go. Even men who have nothing particular to say, whose main object was to write plays that should resemble the surface of life, have proved their ability to attain this object. Were you to go back, were you painfully to make a catalogue of the faults of the pre-Tanqueray plays, you would find, I imagine, that the late St. John Hankin committed few of them. His plays are an assemblage of the negative virtues, and a proof that the negative virtues are not always interesting, not always free from flatness. Mr. Galsworthy, too, is an exemplar of the negative virtues. He has wiped his plays clean of rhetoric and affectation, of stage tricks easy and difficult, of all sorts of unlifelike irrelevancies. Indeed, to my taste, his plays have a little the air of having been wiped too clean. They are, many of them, almost chemically clean. Yet what an immense advance is his strict art upon the loose, near-enough way of making plays which prevailed in the eighties! What a gain for the theatre to have Mr. Galsworthy reveal it to us, under an aspect we had forgotten, as a place for fine resentments and fine pities to do their work of persuasion!

Yes, it was a significant and progressive epoch, which perhaps the war has brought to a close. We all regret that Synge will write no more plays in this world. We all hope that Mr. Shaw and Sir James Barrie will write many more. But their epoch may none the less be over. Whether English playwrights are to be dumb, or no better than dumb, for the next decade or century, is more than you or I can know. But I know what I hope—that in the near future an English-speaking dramatist, whether British, American or Australian, will do something which the dramatists of the last thirty years, with all their shining qualities, have not done. I hope he will create characters, and I hope he will represent life as strange. Mr. Shaw has not done this. His plays are original, and before he had created the taste by which he was to be enjoyed, they seemed odd. But the strangeness of life is not in them. Nor is it in Sir James Barrie's, whose characters, often as odd as you please, lead a life not strange at all, but conforming to a few familiar laws. Only in Synge do we find a life as strange and wild as life.

Characters that live in our memories, characters rich in idiosyncracy and surprises, the strangeness of life, the power to give us these is what I wish most of all for English-speaking playwrights. Unless perhaps I wish still more for another gift, also withheld from the dramatists of the last thirty years, the gift for making pictures of human joy.

Q. K.

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Arcadian England

Some Hawarden Letters. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $4.00.

THE not unbenevolent connection between politics and society which has given to English life the half its charm is rapidly passing away. Politics is ceasing to be the hereditary occupation of the leisured class; it is the miner's agent rather than the viscount's son who goes to the House of Commons. These letters written to Mr. Gladstone's daughter come with something of the sickly fragrance of a mortuary chamber. Many of them have a permanent value; and Lord Acton's list of the hundred best books is a fine warning to the amateur enthusiast of the scholar's criteria of value. It was perhaps a pity to lay bare these whimsical trivialities of Ruskin; and Sir Edwin Burne-Jones is more ghostly even than the pallid ladies he loved to paint. Over all, of course, there towers the gigantic figure of Mr. Gladstone, perhaps, in this aspect, a little like Gibraltar wearing its vacation-smile. There are pleasanter pictures—as of Mr. Wyndham, the perfect dilettante, feeling the eternal rightness of Christianity when the organist lets out the forty-two foot pipe at St. Margaret's, Westminster; of Mr. Balfour, as always, the ideal host and as smilingly nonchalant as ever over the deepest things that matter. You would think it a backwater of life, were it not that, strangely enough, the fates made these men and women the arbiters of our destiny.

It is a cross section of English life here given us, and it amply repays examination. The letters cover the forty years from 1878 to 1913, when the democracy was getting into its fatal stride. Dr. Gladstone is, by consecrated legend, the guardian of its development, and it is pleasant to examine the thoughts of those who sheltered themselves beneath the prophetic mantle he so dearly loved. No one can complain if Burne-Jones is angry at the futility of stained glass, or if Ruskin displays the licensed petulance of genius. But there is the pathos of the solemn trifler about the rest. Lord Acton, indeed, emerges for one solemn moment to place Mr. Gladstone upon Olympus' loftiest peak; but, apart from him, politics is no more than a pleasing game. Mr. Wyndham is interested in flowers and poems, and he builds an elegant chapel at his country house; the one thing that seems to make him angry is when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in his fine, blunt fashion, insists upon the necessity of Home Rule. What, apparently, is Mr. Balfour's chief objective is to solve the problem of how to treat a staircase fairly if it has two sets of banisters. Sermons are gravely discussed as epoch-making events—milestones on the pathway to a mitre—and church inscriptions are duly recorded. A magazine is to be founded of which the tone is not to be exactly flippant, as some small space is to be found for the higher truths as expounded by Lucas Malet and Mrs. Humphry Ward. Everyone is anxious to do good and to be good. There are hymn-books for the poor, and even a word of praise for poor Henry George; though this was before it was realized that his theories would uproot the English landed system. Then the heavy artillery of Professor Alford Marshall was brought to destroy what gave pain to the souls of rich men.

They took life seriously and yet they knew nothing of life. Their feet were so firmly set in the ancient ways that at the coming of science and the democracy it has implied they were speechless. It is not without significance that George Wyndham built chapels and loved mysticism. He took the volunteers seriously and in such activities he was able to evade every vital problem of his generation. He was in politics as a duty, and he curses it with all the vigor of a man who does not understand what it means. The real events of these years go unmentioned. The glimpses we catch of history are always conventional and the judgments like the tea-table talk of Grosvenor Square. There are, of course, adventures into the unknown. One must know the new books, and so the mind wanders idly through Stephen Crane and Jack London. The men who were passing judgment on these years, Mr. Wells, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy, have no place here. The famous Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission is no more than the occasion for the fashionable joke of Mr. and Mrs. Webb.

They are the conquering race and their guardian angel is the church of England. But the church here means Establishment; and the experience it is made to embody is always personal revelation or aesthetic satisfaction. There is no conception of the theological problems by which this age was oppressed. There is no reference to the part the church might play in the amelioration of social conditions did it but possess courage and a knowledge of the facts. This is, in fact, the dying breath of feudal England, and it clings with veneration to its ancient institutions without regard to their social content. The people they know are all the best people; and if an intruder makes his way into the family circle it is always because he has some special quality which needs to be placated. Everywhere there is the sense of patronage; even Burne-Jones' lame worker-poet has to be snuffed out with a pension. Their life is a watch and a vision between town-house and country-house. They must retail to each other the light gossip of the hour; and the great occasions are when the marriage-register is signed in St. Margaret's Chapel. The world that in this generation Charles Booth was depicting for them in his great survey of London they do not know to exist; or, if they recognize it, it is through the chaste complacency of the Charitable Organization Society. Their god is Mr. Gladstone, and his conduct provides the touchstone for political rectitude.

Mr. Gladstone is better known now than when Lord Morley supplied his master's deficiencies by his own grave genius. We can see, what we were then not told, that neither upon social problems nor national finance, neither upon foreign policy nor upon religious questions, did Mr. Gladstone do more than gesticulate magnificently. He laid down the general principle that politics must be applied Christianity; but his method of application was to put the Christianity only in the perorations of his speeches. His main genius was for indirectness; and the English people never trusted him until he was too old to be contradicted. He destroyed the Liberal party at a critical moment of its existence. He preached the rights of small nations in opposition and accepted the policy of his rivals in office. He cursed Disraeli for a scoundrel and proposed a monument to his greatness. He was the protagonist of obscurantism in religion and he never even dimly grasped the significance of scientific speculation. He never knew how to have colleagues. If he could not dominate, he was anxious to destroy. He bestrode the world of politics like a colossus; yet of his achievements there is left little save a disestablished church in Ireland and speeches that even their eloquence cannot make readable. Those who were his disciples at Hawarden were subjected by his magic spells. He concealed from them the real world in which they lived by training them in a perverse theology which

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hid the evils of existence beneath the exuberance of its optimism. When the history of the nineteenth century comes to be written it will be found that the liberalism of which he was the professional protagonist denies in fact every problem of which it is in theory the proposed solution.

H. J. L.

Baedeker Descries Parnassus

The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century by William Lyon Phelps. New York: Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

"THE analysis of individual claims is not only not unbecoming in the compiler, but a thing to be expected and desired. To this department of his work he should bring analytical ability, a distinct impression of the nature, the principles, and the aims of poetry; a thorough contempt for all prejudices at war with the principles; a poetic sense of the poetic; sagacity in the detection and audacity in the exposure of demerit; in a word, talent and faith; the lofty honor which places mere courtesy beneath its feet; the boldness to praise an enemy, and the more unusual courage to damn a friend."

When Poe, many years ago, wrote the above passage, he believed he had found the ideal critic in Griswold, the anthologist of "The Female Poets of America." Time has proved Poe to have been, if not gullible, at any rate over-optimistic. Griswold has been forgotten; and with him have been forgotten ninety-nine per cent of the poets with whom he hoped to reciprocate immortality. Poe's definition of the ideal critic, however, remains as sound as ever, and equally cogent at the present moment is his often-repeated and somewhat despairing cry for just and discerning criticism. It was not so long ago that Mr. Randolph Bourne and Mr. Van Wyck Brooks gave tongue to the same query. "Where," they asked in effect, "are the critics who have the vatic gift of distinguishing the enduring and fruitful, in contemporary literature, from the ephemeral and sterile?" . . . To which the answer is, hopelessly, "Where, indeed!"

Poe, if he were alive today, would find the condition of poetry, if indeed more interesting, nevertheless more madly confused than ever. Never was there such a blattering of the poets, never such a total absence of discriminating audience. Fortunate are those poets who have their pet critics who can be counted on for praise; fortunate also are those who have their pet enemies. A few there are of such notable girth that their mere entrance compels the silence of all and some. The cliques, too, are blest. They hunt in packs, and often successfully. But the poet who scorns to be his own publicist, the critic who declines to play personal favorites or to truckle even slightly to influence—if they exist at all it is in bleak obscurity.

Into this pandemonium of poets now steps Prof. Phelps, and makes the first attempt at a general survey. Miss Amy Lowell, it is true, has made a study of six of our poets, but her study was limited, and it was inevitably and perhaps excusably in the nature of propaganda. Professor Phelps is more ambitious. His book begins with Henley and Francis Thompson, and it purports to treat of all the important poetry, English and American, since written. For this ambition let us congratulate Professor Phelps at once. The thing is needed. Let us, rashly, go even farther, and say that as a compendium of miscellaneous (perhaps too miscellaneous) information regarding contemporary poetry, the book has value. It is true there are tragic omissions in it, but we will come to those later. Professor Phelps lists an amazing number of poets and books of poetry, and that is useful.

It is when one considers Professor Phelps as a critic that one becomes sceptic. Has he the qualities enumerated by Poe? The answer must be tersely negative. He has not, at any rate so far as they reveal themselves in the present book. A professor of literature, one might expect, would at least bring to such a task analytical ability, a clear understanding of the principles of poetry, a contempt for the prejudices at war with those principles; but even in these matters the success of Professor Phelps is only partial. His determination to be broad-minded fails him at the half-way point. He aggressively champions Vachel Lindsay, but he shows signs of balking at Edgar Lee Masters and Carl Sandburg; and when it comes to T. S. Eliot, or J. G. Fletcher, or "H. D.," he breaks down altogether. There are, indeed, several vivid reasons for the failure of this book as a piece of criticism. In the first place it is highly doubtful whether a professor, and not precisely of the present generation, could ever be close enough to the world of contemporary poetry to interpret it with anything like a sympathetic understanding, even if he were passionately interested and thoroughly informed. Professor Phelps may be genuinely interested, but he appears to be ill informed. In the second place, he clearly lacks what Poe termed the "poetic sense of the poetic." In the third place he allows his personal interests to affect his judgments; he devotes, for example, an entire chapter to "Yale Poets," a proceeding quite unpardoable. Why not Harvard, Columbia, Princeton? And, finally, the book is not even as good as Professor Phelps himself might have made it. It has all the air of being a hasty piece of hack-work, based for the most part on scanty, casual and poorly assimilated reading.

If Professor Phelps's equipment, therefore, is bad, his method is no less so. He calls his book the "Advance" of English poetry. One would expect, from this, an interpretation of the changes which have been so rapid of late in poetry. One would expect to see some effort at, not perhaps a mere classification, but at a grouping of current tendencies: some attempt to see, unconfusedly, the reciprocation of the many diverse forces at work. "Have we at the present moment both realistic and romantic groups: and within these two groups have we again a division into radicals and conservatives?" One would expect Professor Phelps to raise these questions and answer them, specifically. But instead of this interpretative method Professor Phelps is contented to jog pedantically from poet to poet, from book to book, uttering a bland and superficial dictum on each in turn, and not seldom padding his pages out with personal anecdotes and tedious attempts at the facetious.

The truth is, of course, that Professor Phelps lacks the tactile equipment for such an undertaking. Broad effects he can perceive, but the more delicate ones perpetually elude him. It is for this reason that one finds his treatment of the realists, in the Anglo-Saxon tradition, from Henley to Masters, more adequate than his treatment of the romanticists and colorists. Even realism he cannot follow, however, when it takes a new turn, as in the work of T. S. Eliot. This is too subtle for him, and it leaves him faintly annoyed. So, too, with Lascelles Abercrombie, whom, despite his very high standing in England, Professor Phelps thinks it proper to dismiss in a sentence. As for the more radical poets, whether realist, romanticist or

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colorist, it is perhaps sufficient to say that Professor Phelps has no use for Ezra Pound, "H. D.," Richard Aldington, Harold Monro, Ford Madox Hueffer, F. S. Flint, J. C. Squire, Wallace Stevens, Maxwell Bodenheim, Alfred Kreymborg or Carlos Williams. One would gather that they do not exist. Has Professor Phelps never heard of them? Does he consider them of no interest? At the end of his book he lavishes paragraphs on poets infinitely less important, whether viewed intrinsically or as significant of poetic evolution. But these he omits to mention.

"Mr. Lawrence," says Professor Phelps, "cares comparatively little for delicacy, and the word restraint is not in his bright lexicon. In other words, he is aggressively 'modern.'" . . . If Professor Phelps thinks "modern" poetry is without restraint or delicacy he is clearly unfit to write upon it. What of Cathay, by Ezra Pound; the frail etchings of "H. D."; Eliot's Portrait of a Lady; the Green Symphony or Blue Symphony of Fletcher; Clear with Light Variable Winds, by Amy Lowell; Peter Quince at the Clavier, by Wallace Stevens? These poems have in their various ways a delicacy which is new in English poetry. And it would be easy to name twenty other such poems, which, in the truest sense, represent the "advance" of contemporary poetry. It is dishearteningly apparent that to Professor Phelps these poems would signify nothing.

And here, of course, we return to the point from which we started. We are living in what is perhaps one of the great creative epochs of poetry: an epoch characterized by tremendous poetic energy, by bewildering valor and variety of poetic experiment. We need, and need tragically, wise and just critics, who, able to climb Parnassus, as it were, with the poets themselves, from that eminence will be able to see far and clearly. From these we will not want merely a descriptive catalogue or guide-book: we will want interpretation. If poetry has a clear function in the life of man, what is it, and how shall the poet fulfil it? Is it true that the highest spiritual type of poetry as Professor Phelps says, is that "which reveals an intense consciousness of the all-enveloping Divine Presence"—and "not that which portrays soul-hunger"—or does Professor Phelps a little too lightly dismiss the profoundly heuristic nature of the human mind? Is it true that a pronounced and regular rhythm is essential to the finest poetry, or that free verse is "more monotonous" than regular verse—and why? . . . It is clear from Professor Phelps' book that we cannot expect the answers to these questions from a mere Baedeker. For, truly, there is no funicular up Parnassus.

CONRAD AIKEN.

A Biologist on War

WHEN Professor Nicolai left Germany via the air route, his flight symbolized despair of finding any other escape for his country or himself from the havoc which a false philosophy had imposed upon his fellow-countrymen. His decisions may have been sharpened by the experience of a solitary prison-cell with which a solicitous government had rewarded the expression of inopportune scientific opinions. Having interpreted war as a crude survival of a primeval instinct deliberately exploited for unhallowed ends, and having indicated that the doctrine of survival of the fittest could not be distorted into a defense of the German position in general and of the violations of neighboring territories in particular, he found that such a disloyal biology lacked official approval. His comments upon the intellectual apostasy of his more patriotic colleagues, and upon the moral degradation that had enslaved his fellow-citizens did not lessen his unpopularity. It is to be regretted that in repudiating the fatherland in so up-to-date fashion he did not travel more lightly and leave behind him the heavy luggage of a Teutonic *Gelehrter* in the way of closely packed citations of theories and views through ancient, medieval, and modern times, which in more leisurely days we might be content to peruse. For the Nicolai book is too immediately important to be handicapped by bulk and non-essential industry. It is really three books in one: on the biology of war, on the ethics of war, and on the abolition of war. We stand at attention when the biologist speaks, and are keenly interested in the views of a bold and independent thinker upon the strange obsessions of the German mind. His message would have been more direct and effective if confined to these confirmations of the intellectual and moral positions which we are maintaining here through a message from Wilson, and in France through a message from Pershing.

Professor Nicolai's purpose extends beyond the refutation of the militaristic doctrines popularized by Bernhardi: that war renders a biologically just decision, that it selects the fittest, that it cultivates the basic virtues, that nations deteriorate without it; or again, that it is inherent in the nature of man and his relations to others and is as inevitable in the life of nations, as remote from human control, as an earthquake when conditions conspire. His purpose is to place war in its true biological setting, which leaves no place in the composition for such special pleadings. The fighting instincts are as authentic in man as in all self-defending organisms. But nature's warfare is of organism against condition, or of one organism against another of totally different orbit, while the competitive rivalry within the group, like cannibalism in the human species, has a decidedly limited application. If the study of the nature controlling man and of the nature that man controls is to illuminate the institution of war, each must be rendered tribute according to its service. Hence the significance of biology and psychology. As in questions of race—also sadly abused as war propaganda—the vital issue is whether traits are due to inherent nature or to acquired education, so neither inherent pugnacity nor the ordinary incentives of conflict account for war. The attempt to hold an original nature responsible for a deliberate emphasis of certain traits against others meets with the protest of the biologist. The excuse that the war "has been forced upon" Germany by the inevitable nature of Germans, or by the natural geographical or economic conditions by which they are surrounded, is as false as that it was forced upon them by any other enemies than those created by their own policies and disregards.

Fist decisions and feuds and duels and tribal combats may find some support in the analogies of nature; but these are the very forms of pugnacious friction that social regulation has made obsolete. Biologically, man is a defenseless creature, lacking horns or claws, or fangs or formidable teeth; his weapon is his brain. Having fought his way in the world—the world of nature and his reconstruction of it by art—by his wits, he is capable of turning his psychological equipment to the destruction of his kind; but he does so with no more compelling urge than that which impels him to find satisfaction for his complex desires through the avenues of peaceful (and not always honest) pursuit and penetration. The fact that the in-

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strument of human advance is a social-psychological one completely controls the application of evolutionary principles to the ways of men. The best defense that can be urged is that war was once a necessity or a ready resort, in so far as it was in accord with the social and cultural evolution of the period; so much may be granted.

But the causes and issues of modern wars, like modern warfare, rest upon an organization of the high-grade capacities and inventions of men, upon the conjunctions and possible oppositions of far-reaching projects and ambitions, that are the issue of the forces created by the contacts and developments of peace. Had man not succeeded in curbing and directing his cruder instincts, civilization would not have arisen; the protection of the values that are at stake in modern war are the specific result of the widest regulation of all trends conflicting with the approved social aim. What men fight for is more significant than what they fight with, though it is precisely the moral and psychological anachronism of aims and means that inspires the pacific convictions of responsible men and nations. Animals have only their bodies to fight for and with, men have property and the highly artificial values of traditions and institutions, the pursuits of happiness that insist upon liberty and a democratic justice. These goods and ideals are part of a complex social system; to posit war as a crudely and blindly operative instinct in a social setting in which every other human enterprise is part of an elaborate and reflective social policy is a flagrant incongruity, psychological in expression, biological in its source. The same considerations shatter the plea that war establishes and maintains the essential virtues. Unquestionably it enlists them and quickens them, since it shares in the social expansion, the exalted enthusiasm of massive and momentous collective risings and in all that has educated and moulded the soldier as a citizen; but the debit side, writ in blood, undoes in a decade the work of ages and the security which society has painfully and laboriously, albeit imperfectly, established. The predatory instinct in its narrow or imperialistic expression is precisely the type of trait against which society makes war. As piracy is outlawed in favor of commerce, and slavery—once natural, and even necessary—gives way to laws against unfair exploitation, so war must yield to the same order of forces expressed in international regulations and tribunals.

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New Paths for Cities

Our Cities Awake: Notes on Municipal Activities and Administration, by Morris L. Llewellyn Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

THIS is not a systematic treatise on city government done after the fashion of academic books on municipal government. The author does not march with majestic tread from section to section, citing Judge Commonplace in a long list of cases to support his predilections. The volume, as its subtitle implies, is a collection of notes on municipal activities by a trained engineer of wide experience in municipal affairs, with a genuine enthusiasm for the public service. The notes, however, are well arranged and fall under the following general heads: budgets and administration, the mechanism of municipal management, scientific management applied to municipalities, specifications and control in public contracts, promotion of a loyal personnel in the city service, finding efficient men to take leadership in municipal service, educating the public through skilful publicity about the work of government, utilities and their owners, the city as an ally of industrial progress, cooperation of civic agencies in municipal government, and glimpses of the city beautiful. The swiftly moving and lively text is supplemented by interesting and pertinent illustrations that help to drive home the written word.

It is difficult to sum up in a single paragraph Mr. Cooke's thesis with all of its interesting ramifications, but for the sake of the reader the task must be attempted. First of all, our author would have the mechanism of city government simple in form, concentrating power in the hands of efficient leaders who have the ability, experience and far-sightedness necessary to guide a free people in their struggle for a city decent and beautiful in which to work—leaders who are held fully responsible to their constituents under the laws and under the light of publicity. Nevertheless, Mr. Cooke does not lay too much stress on mechanisms because he knows that good administration is possible under any form of government. Even more important than the framework of government are the methods for securing and developing a loyal personnel in the city service, engaging the interest of the men and women in the work they have to do and detaching them from the parasitic politician who plays the part of the demagogue to all city employees and then gives easy jobs to favorites while penalizing the modest and quiet workers who really bear the burden. The rank and file, however, need expert leadership all along the line and any scheme of efficient government must make provision for it. Mr. Cooke knows this, and while he confesses, with regret, that many so-called "experts" are mere tinkers, he cites numerous instances of genuine services rendered to the city

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of Philadelphia by real specialists in subjects ranging from architecture and acoustics to electric lighting and sewage disposal. Records that spell information are likewise an essential part of efficient government and so Mr. Cooke devotes no small part of his book to ways and means of recording data which will enable the administrative head to know exactly what has been done under his jurisdiction. Mr. Cooke is thoroughly aware of the uselessness of an audit—the American business man's great delusion—as a measure of costs and of good work. In dealing with municipal utilities, our author avoids the way of the doctrinaire, but for the conduct of the companies in juggling accounts and watering stocks and corrupting officials he has his full measure of scorn. At the same time, he shows little respect for the demagogue opponent of utility companies who understands neither finance nor engineering, but goes about raising a dust that obscures the real issues. Mr. Cooke makes a plea for daylight on the facts of municipal utilities—capitalization, unit costs of production and operation, open accounts, sound valuations, and fair dealing—as a condition of public control or a basis for a municipal operation. It is not enough, however, for the city government to be well organized and efficiently conducted—it must make known its good works to the people by effective publicity—educate the people *up* to an understanding of the significance of modern administration.

Finally, and by no means the least in significance, is Mr. Cooke's plea that the city and industry should be made close allies. The industrial manager can no longer ignore his city government. The problem before him is one of securing a well-trained and efficient labor supply and escaping the disastrous influences of a high labor turnover. The city government concerns him—the effect of its market and transportation system on the cost of living, its housing conditions, its schools, its parks and recreational facilities, and its efficiency in all of the arts of providing right living conditions. City government is therefore a vital concern of organized labor and industrial leaders. How long must we wait for them to become aware of this obvious fact? Industrial and labor organizers must emancipate themselves from affiliation with the politics of utility and real estate interests and unite in creating a city that makes for decent living conditions and efficient industry.

Though there are evidences of haste in its construction and many of the notes are put together with slight regard for the amenities of polite literature, still it must be said that the book deserves well at the hands of citizens and the professed student of municipal government. No one can rise from reading its pages without assurance that he has added to his stock of general ideas and to his knowledge of the practical arts of city administration.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Contributors
to this issue

WILLIAM HARD, a writer on public affairs. The author of The Women of Tomorrow.

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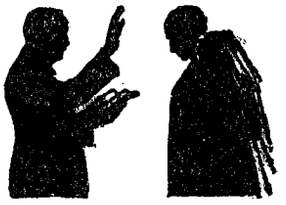

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